Week ending August 21 1954 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

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A THING TO LOVE

by Elspeth Huxley

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EDITORIAL

Fire alarm

WHEN the bells ring out and London's fire engines race to a blaze, Mr. Frederick Delve is often among the first on the spot. He is chief officer of the London Fire Brigade, and lately he has been looking more and more worried as he watches his men tackle a burning building.

The reason is that there are not enough firemen to do the job properly.

Parked in the streets around are pumps and escapes; they have been used as vehicles to bring some of the men to the blaze—but they cannot help to fight the fire because they lack crews.

IT is the same in other big cities. Householders can no longer be sure that Britain's firemen, willing, skilled and courageous as they are, can cope with every fire.

MR. FREDERICK DELVE
He has too few firemen

"The present deficiency in strength—we are 330 men short of the minimum in London—handicaps the brigade in fulfilling its requirements," Mr. Delve told a Select Committee earlier this year. "The undermanning of appliances could have serious results in rescue work."

To ensure that there are five men working each appliance, at least two thousand more recruits would be needed throughout the country. Yet, instead of gaining, the total of about 20,000 is steadily dropping.

THE reasons are long shifts, low pay (an average of £8 10s. a week) and strict discipline. The work is hazardous, but there is no "danger" money. Between fires, men are expected to keep up a standard of spit-and-polish usually associated with the Guards.

What the firemen should be doing when they have cleaned their equipment is teaching the public how to *prevent* fires. The number of calls is increasing alarmingly. In 1953 there were 20,352 in London, compared with 12,002 in 1939.

OUR firemen have the power to advise owners of premises how to make them more fire-resistant; but, by law, they have to be invited first to do so.

At the moment they are so under-staffed and over-occupied that few local fire chiefs even know what is being made in all the factories in their areas. The frequent result is that they are unable to plan how to fight the fires when they do break out.

This is a matter of public safety, and an urgent one. It will be necessary within the next two years to improve the pay and conditions of the firefighters in Mr. Delve's brigade and all over the country. Otherwise a series of tragedies may force this action—too late.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

LAST spring, when Ronald Lampitt began to paint this week's cover, he decided to invent a resort to avoid stirring up statistical passions over rival sunshine records. He needn't have worried. Nearly all Britain's holiday centres, and many on the Continent, have been hit by the twentieth century's most miserable summer. "I thought I'd defy my own prophesy in the fine old city of Dorchester," commented Lampitt. "But it poured."

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FREE SPEECH

Country life can be so hectic

AFTER living all our lives in London, my husband and I had to move into the country. We had run a business for twenty years, and our doctor said we needed a rest.

I dreaded the prospect of village life, and feared that we should have no friends. After nearly a year in our new home I wish we had moved here earlier.

When my married daughter telephoned me recently to ask when "the country bumpkins" would be paying her a visit, I was surprised to realize that our time was booked for weeks to come. My husband is secretary of the flower show, and each weekend acts as umpire for the cricket club. I am rehearsing for a play in the autumn, and I am helping to organize the Women's Institute outing. Then there is the harvest festival, and concerts and parties to plan for the winter.

I told my daughter that we had never felt better, but I wondered if the doctor realized just how hectic country life can be.—MRS. J. K., Sussex.

Psychology

IT is strange how the classification of library books ("Free Speech," July 31) often decides whether they are borrowed or not. A local library once had a section marked: "Biography," and the books were seldom read. Then the librarian marked them: "Other People's Lives." The books are now in great demand.—J. WATT, Hill Street, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, Angus.

Ringing The Bell

HOUSEWIVES were often badgered by hawkers in the densely populated district of Holland where my father lived. Then a machine was marketed which, when fixed on the front door, required callers to insert a coin in order to ring the bell. If the caller was welcome, the housewife returned the coin. If a salesman called, he often paid for his interview. — D. HAYNES, Hale Crescent, Hale, Surrey.

Young Men Only

I WAS amused by the cartoon of the Scoutmaster doing his good deed for the day by washing the dishes (JOHN BULL, July 10). Cartoons like this, apart from their humour, are grand publicity for the Scout movement, but I notice that cartoonists often make the mistake of depicting Scoutmasters with their sleeves covered in proficiency badges. In actual practice only lads under the age of eighteen may wear them.—ERNEST OSMAN, Acting Scoutmaster, Widnes, Lancs.

My Operation . . .

AFTER a stay in hospital a few weeks ago I was given something to remind me of my operation ("Free Speech," July 31). As I left I was handed a jar containing my appendix pickled in formalin. Since my return many people have asked to inspect my museum piece, and it was interesting to note that many of my more flamboyant friends were squeamish enough to decline the opportunity when I offered to show them the jar. —MRS. E. BLAKE, Meadow Way, Bracknell, Berkshire.

Passenger Service

THE photograph of the Himalayan railway ("Free Speech," July 24) took my mind back to some hair-raising trips I made by that route to Darjeeling. At some places one could look from the carriage windows on a sheer drop of many thousand feet; sometimes, on what seemed to be the edge of the world, the rain had washed away the ground from beneath the sleepers. Often carriages were derailed and passengers had to help to lever them back on to the toy-town rails.—J. GIBSON, Hartford Road, Bedlington, Northumberland.

. . . As well as the two men who sit on the buffers at the front of the Siliguri—Darjeeling train there is a man who spends the journey perched on top of the last carriage. His job is to jam on a brake if any of the coach couplings snap and the train begins to run backwards down the mountain track.—E. W. EXTON, Ingledene, Parc Thomas, Carmarthen.

BEGINNING IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE GREAT STORM

J. Lennox Kerr's real-life account of three terrible days in 1953

Further details on page 20

Anything Known?

A POLICEMAN called at my house some time ago and left a message for me to go to the police station. When I arrived there I was told that a bunch of keys I had lost many miles away had been found. On the key ring was my wartime R.A.F. identity disc. With the help of R.A.F. records, the police had tracked me down.—DEREK W. DUNCUM, Buckingham Road, Stratford, London, E.15.

Sound Effects

I WAS interested to read that a helicopter flying at 500 feet made a noise of 87 decibels and a bus one of 92 decibels (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 31). I should have thought that if both passed at the same time, the noise would measure 179 decibels. Does this exonerate helicopters? — MRS. R. H., London, S.W.7.

Sound is usually measured on a sound level meter, which, like the human ear, becomes less sensitive as the sound grows louder. The decibel scale is logarithmic. To obtain a reading double that of a given sound, it would be necessary to increase its volume by ten. In the case of the helicopter and the bus, the reading would be 92½ decibels.

Cure For Nerves

MY father, who is nearly eighty-two, has suffered from deafness for nearly fifty years, and he is now almost stone deaf. Some time ago he bought a deaf-aid appliance, but after using it for a week or two he found the outside world so noisy (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 31) that he said he preferred deafness. During the war, even on nights when there was heavy gunfire, he went soundly to sleep. His nerves are in wonderful condition, and he looks at least ten years younger than he is.—MISS MARGARET FRENCH, Wellesley Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

Jam On It?

FOOD and cooking in Britain have never been very highly regarded abroad, but I think that rationing has destroyed the few good qualities we had. My butcher tells me that customers often ask for "wartime sausages with plenty of bread in them," because their children dislike the meaty flavour of sausages today. His own son refuses to eat home-cooked tongue, and requests "the brown kind from a tin."—MRS. EILEEN PRICE, The Greenway, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

No Reprieve

HEARING a sharp crack outside my back door, I went into the garden to find a small tortoise lying on its back on the rockery. It was bleeding and its shell was cracked, and I wondered where it had come from. I bathed its wounds, bound its shell with sticking plaster and put it back on the rockery, covered by a leaf. As I walked away, a hawk swooped down and carried it off. — MRS. B. CURRY, Baythorne Road, Liverpool, 4.

Some sea birds drop shell fish to crack them, says the London Zoo.

Kentish Gondola

DURING my holiday I spent a day at Canterbury. After visiting the cathedral I took a walk through the streets, and noticed a group of people staring at what seemed to be a gap between two blocks of houses. I was surprised to see a small river running there, and on it was moored a gondola.—MRS. M. S. BROWNJOHN, Arundel Road, Croydon, Surrey.

The gondola once belonged to an Italian count, and is 160 years old. Our photograph shows it moored on the River Stour, outside the house occupied by the Canterbury weavers.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

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THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD

Roger squeezed her knee. "Don't take Sam seriously, my dear. His path's littered with broken hearts." Sam glowered at him, but said nothing

A thing to love

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Such killing seemed madness. Only a few, like Roger, saw the devilish plan

THERE WAS TENSION in the Kenya air. Pat Foxley, a mission school teacher, sensed it immediately she arrived on her parents' farm near Tetu. And she saw fear shadowing the faces of Njombo, their houseboy, Karioki, the cook, Raphaelo, the headman.

Pat had recently returned from England. A burly farmer, Sam Gibson, and a Kikuyu named Gitau, head of a teachers' training college, had been on the same plane. Gibson, wanting to sit beside her, had tried to swap places with Gitau, but the stewardess had foiled him; ironically, he'd had to spend the rest of the trip next to the intense and racially conscious African.

Gitau, away from his college, led another life. He was one of the Council of Nine, the Mau Mau leaders. While in England, he had tried to arrange a supply of arms. Headed by the Spokesman, there were cunning, ruthless men on the Council. They met secretly and their careful plans touched every corner of the country. To rid Kenya of the white man was a big task. There must be no warning before the pangas flashed.

And—apart from the growing tension which Pat Foxley, born in Kenya, had noticed and wondered about—no warning was given.

Her mother had planned to take Pat to visit some old friends, the Wrens, on the last day of her holiday. But, just after breakfast, Piet Hendriks, a neighbour, came with horrifying news. His breeding herd had been attacked and mutilated in the night, he told them. He'd had to kill the maimed animals. For Piet it was the end of ten years' work; for all of them it was the start of Mau Mau.

Colonel Foxley acted promptly, arranging to alert other neighbours and then drive down to Tetu to report to the District Commissioner. As he was leaving, Njombo appeared, looking agitated.

"Bwana, if you are going to Tetu, you had better take Raphaelo's wife to the hospital. She is outside and says her stomach hurts badly."

PART TWO

The Hidden Knives

WHEN the Foxleys left Raphaelo's wife, Wanjiru, at the hospital, they were in a hurry and didn't wait to see the clerk who took particulars from each new patient. Wanjiru was glad of this.

She took her place at the end of the queue, and presently found herself in the clerk's room. The clerk was not Solomon, whom she had

come to see, but another man. She sat quietly on a bench, watching him. He looked up.

"Yes, sister?"

"I have come with a message for Solomon."

"Solomon is off duty. Who sent you here?"

"My husband, Raphaelo. He is headman for the old white man, Fockusi."

"You can give the message to me."

Wanjiru shook her head. "Raphaelo said I must see Solomon. It concerns what happened on the farm of the white man, Piet."

The clerk looked irritated, but said: "Very well, I will send for Solomon. Go and wait outside."

In about half an hour, Solomon came and beckoned to her, and they stood in the shade of a flame-tree where they could not be overheard. Solomon wore a clean, well-pressed khaki suit and leaned on a new bicycle. He was head clerk at the hospital, and therefore a rich man and very influential in the Tetu district.

"Why did you come?" he asked. "Hasn't everything been carried out as it was planned?"

"Yes, but there is trouble," said Wanjiru. "Two of the men who maimed the cattle went to hide with relations. Before they left, they hid their pangas in the hut of Kupanya, Bwana Piet's herdsman. When the police askaris came this morning they found them in the rafters."

"Fools and idiots!" Solomon exclaimed. "Does the white man know?"

"Not yet. Kupanya has given the askaris twenty shillings not to see the pangas, but they say it is not enough. There are four of them and they say it must be thirty shillings each. So Kupanya sent to Karioki, who went to dig up his money this morning but found that he had been robbed. All his money had been taken away. So Raphaelo sent me to fetch money from you. If the askaris do not have it by tonight, they will find the pangas tomorrow morning and take them to the white man."

Solomon thought quickly. He did not believe Karioki's story about the robbery; probably he had the money, but would not pay it out. As a treasurer, it was his job to do so; this would have to be looked into later. Probably the askaris had demanded twenty shillings, and Raphaelo and Kupanya would split the difference; still, the fact remained that they must be bought off, or Kupanya would get arrested and his hut searched by Europeans and perhaps incriminating papers found.

So Solomon made his decision. "Very well," he said to Wanjiru. "But tell Raphaelo and Karioki that the money they have lost must be found. And tell Raphaelo that he must come to see me within three days. Big decisions have come from Nairobi and I have to tell him certain things."

Wanjiru put the money in a little purse she carried next to the skin, got a lift in a lorry as far as the turning to the Foxleys' farm and was back at home before sunset.

Raphaelo was glad to see her, for the world had become full of dangers. He took the money, divided it into two parts and said: "I will go after dark to Kupanya, to give him his share. He has paid the askaris, but the white policeman is very suspicious. He came today and asked many questions."

"I do not think that Solomon believed that you had lost the money," Wanjiru said. "He wishes to see you within three days."

"To see me is not to see the money," Raphaelo observed. At the same time, he didn't like the sound of that. As to the money, he didn't wish to hold back from the movement or betray his friends, but already he had given most of his savings to Solomon, the treasurer for the Tetu district.

Raphaelo was feeling at once nervous and elated. There had been talk for years about this business of driving out the Europeans. A lot of talk, and so far nothing to show for it.

Raphaelo had saved up a nice little sum with which he'd meant to buy some cows and a shamba, but then Solomon and others like him, educated men who understood what they talked about, had come from Tetu and told him that if he paid his money to the conspiracy, he would get the whole of Colonel Foxley's farm, with the house and all the buildings on it. There was a register in Tetu, and his name would be written on it so that the farm would be his. If, on the other hand, he refused, they told him that when the leaders of the conspiracy took over the country's government he would be

Josiah held out the notes, rustling them in his hand. At his side, Gitau was standing, tense and anxious. Would the man take the bribe?

left with no employment, no home and no land.

At first, Raphaelo had not believed much of all this. It was easy to talk, but he had seen for himself the power of the white man and he didn't believe that the Foxleys and the Wrens and Piet Hendriks and all the others could be made to go.

Solomon and his friends had answered everything. The Europeans were strong, certainly, but without the help of the Kikuyu they would be like a head with no legs and arms. Who was driving and repairing the lorries, working the posts and telegraphs, running the offices and schools and hospitals, working on the farms? Wasn't it all done by the Kikuyu? For years they had been watching and learning; now they knew it all and could run it by themselves.

When the word was given, there would come a morning when no European in Kenya would wake up to see the sunrise.

So Raphaelo had paid two thousand shillings, all his life's savings, to Solomon the treasurer, and in return he had a paper assigning him the ownership of the Foxleys' farm. When the day came, he would show this paper to the Tetu committee, and they would stamp it and the farm would be his. Karioki, his brother-in-law, had also paid a large sum of money and was to receive all the cattle, the maize-flour in the store and the motor car.

Raphaelo bore no personal grudge against the Foxleys; in fact, he liked the colonel as much as he liked any European. And for Patty, who'd been brought up side by side with his eldest son, he had quite an affection. He hoped she'd come to no harm. He didn't suppose it would be necessary to kill all the Europeans and, for himself, he had no wish to kill any. He expected that men would come from Nairobi for that.

GITAU had come down from Nairobi to Tetu. He was staying at the house of Gisuri, the head clerk in the district office. Gisuri rented a neat brick-and-tile bungalow in the government African quarters. The room was small for eight people, they were rather cramped, but no one was likely to disturb them.

Gitau had come to the Tetu district to see that each of the committee was thoroughly prepared and all its members reliable. It was quite on his own initiative that he had launched the cattle slashing raids.

He had decided that the time had come to prove the power of the conspiracy. Rank-and-file members were grumbling about their money, saying that it had all gone to Nairobi to be spent on cars and food and suits for the leaders and that the people on the shambas and farms had been cheated. It was necessary to do something quickly, even if the Nairobi plans were not fully ripe.

Very boldly, he had given the order to make three cattle raids. The night before, on his orders, they'd held an oathing ceremony for many new members, and this had given confidence and spirit to the men selected for the task. At first they hadn't wanted to participate, and this was understandable, for any good herdsman looks upon the beasts he tends as partly his, even if he has no share in them. So they had been brought to the oathing, and once they had eaten certain parts of the ewe, and drunk the blood mixed with medicine and crawled under the sacred arch of green leaves, they knew that they must do what they were ordered, or else die.

The operation had been brilliantly successful. Gitau was going back to Nairobi the next day and expected warm praise, perhaps mixed with a little jealousy, from his colleagues.

"There are two things I have to say," he began, sitting in the best chair in Gisuri's room, a bottle of beer balanced on his knee. "And both of them are orders from the Spokesman and the committee. The first is that there is to be a new oath, not instead of the old one, which will continue, but as well. This oath is for the higher people, the commanders, those chosen by the Spokesman. It will carry with it greater tasks and greater dangers, and those who've taken it will have greater rewards."

Matthew spoke sternly. "Your cousin is doing the work of the Devil. I'm surprised you support such evil people"

There was a pause while everyone digested this. Then Gitau continued: "There will also be a new instruction."

"What is that?" asked Solomon.

"You must listen carefully," Gitau answered. "You know when a man seeks honey, he is sometimes followed by a bird which calls loudly after him and warns the bees that someone is coming to rob the hive."

"We know that," Gisuri said.

"What should the hunter do to this bird?"

"If he wishes to find the honey, he must first trap it," Gisuri answered, catching on.

"Here in Kikuyu country there are men who behave like this bird, and warn the Europeans that someone is after their honey. So just as the hunter traps the bird, we have got to silence these enemies. I can think of one in particular in this district. A rich chief."

"That is an easy riddle to solve," said Gisuri. "You are thinking of Chief Kimani. He always does the work of the government. The D.C. trusts him almost like a father. That is the chief you mean."

"I know Kimani well," said one of the others. "He has made a lot of money from his coffee and from other crops. The people in his district are rich. He is a strict man and so they do not like him. He doesn't let them brew enough beer. He is a powerful man."

"A sharp axe fells the tallest tree," Gitau replied.

"Isn't he the father of Josiah, who is a friend of the Spokesman?"

"Yes. Josiah knows what I have said."

"He will not speak Josiah's name," Solomon remarked. "But he listens like an owl to Josiah's brother, Matthew; he is a Christian, and another honey-bird."

"When Europeans go to shoot birds they take a gun with two barrels, and each barrel shoots a bird."

"This instruction is one that is difficult to follow," Gisuri said. "But we shall try to think of a way."

"There is always a way," said Gitau.

IN her mid-fifties, Vi Wren had the vitality of a woman twenty years younger. She was tall, good-looking and clear-skinned. No trace of weariness showed in her china-blue eyes. It was her sense of humour, people said, that kept her young. Her husband had retired early from service in the Sudan and they'd settled on the farm they'd bought some years before and developed, little by little, out of savings, so as to have something to come to when pensioned life began.

The Wrens' farmhouse consisted mainly

Continued on page 35

Howard Bagnall guards a city with his samples

by REX GRIZELL

Into his laboratory comes mystery in bottles and tins. His tests uncover impure foods and quack medicines. But one problem couldn't be solved: Who put poison in the wine?

A BIRMINGHAM GROCER was serving one of his regular customers one warm summer afternoon. To round off her purchases, the woman asked for a bottle of mineral water. As the grocer added up the bill, she raised the bottle to her mouth, drank, and immediately fell unconscious to the floor.

When the astonished grocer had revived her, she complained that the drink was poisoned, and she took what remained in the bottle to Howard Bagnall, the Birmingham city analyst. He found that the liquid contained two parts per million of carbolic acid.

"It couldn't have done her any harm," says Bagnall. "But it could be tasted, and the woman had fainted from fear that she had been poisoned." According to Bagnall, housewives often keep disinfectants in mineral water bottles. When these are eventually returned to the makers, traces of the chemicals may remain even after washing.

A few years ago, a nurse beginning a turn of duty in one of the city's maternity homes was startled to find several of the babies developing an unhealthy bluish tinge. A doctor thought the napkins might be the cause of the trouble, and asked Bagnall's opinion. He found that the napkins were marked with a black ink containing aniline dye. The aniline was being absorbed through the babies' skin, and had a toxic effect on the blood.

Bagnall does not have to wait for members of the public to bring him work. Every day, five sampling officers, employed by Birmingham Corporation but acting as ordinary citizens, buy food and medicines, and bring them to his laboratory. Last year more than five thousand samples obtained in this way were analysed, in addition to nearly four thousand submitted from other sources. Of the five thousand samples brought in by the officers, 632 were adulterated, below standard, or wrongly labelled.

A Threat Stops The Dishonest

The suppliers were persuaded to bring their products into line with official requirements, or to stop manufacturing them. "We do not often prosecute," says Bagnall. "Genuine manufacturers are jealous of their reputations and ready to co-operate. The threat of prosecution is usually enough to dissuade those with less honest intentions."

Bagnall, who is six feet two inches tall, with a domed forehead, and white hair, and wears thick-lensed spectacles, looks like every schoolboy's idea of a scientist.

"My chief aim," he says, "is to try to see that every time a Birmingham housewife buys a tin of food, a bottle of sauce, or medicine for the children—in fact, anything to eat or drink—she gets something which is pure, and which is what it is claimed to be." He is one of twenty full-time analysts doing this work in the larger cities of England and Wales.

If Bagnall finds something wrong with a sample which an officer has obtained as a member of the public, the officer may then return to the shop, declare his identity, and ask for more of the same product. By law, this is then divided into three equal parts. One is kept by the retailer, who may have it analysed independently, one is handed by the sampling officer to Bagnall, and, in case the matter goes to court, the third portion is kept sealed so that the magistrate may order it to be sent to the government analyst, if there is disagreement.

When public analysts were first appointed in the second half of the last century, deliberate adulteration to increase weight or to make a product cheaper was very common. Coffee contained roasted wheat and rye flours, roasted beans, acorns, or parsnips, as well as artificial flavouring. Tea often had its bulk greatly increased by the addition of used tea leaves, and other chopped leaves, including sycamore, horse chestnut and hawthorn. Brick dust was used to colour pepper, and poisonous substances such as red and black lead were found as colouring in many foods. Sand was used to increase the weight of sugar, and nobody who did not keep his own cow could be sure of getting milk that was not watered.

Bagnall finds little evidence of deliberate cheating nowadays—except in the watering of milk, which is a perennial offence—but new methods of preparing and handling foodstuffs have brought new dangers. The risk of metallic contamination has increased; growers are using new fungicides and insecticides, traces of which may find their way into food offered for sale; and prohibited preservatives may be added to food and drink.

When a sample of tinned cherries was opened recently it gave off the stench of rotten eggs. The sulphur dioxide used as a preservative had been reduced to sulphuretted hydrogen by the action of the tin. As a result, large wholesale stocks of the fruit, imported from three countries, were condemned.

In 1951, Bagnall became the first public analyst to do extensive research into the actual vitamin A content of vitamin pills and vitaminized oils. He discovered that poor storage conditions had reduced the vitamin content of many samples, and some did not contain half of what was claimed. Some stock had been on chemists' shelves for more than fifteen years. As a result of his investigations, thousands of pounds worth were taken off the market.

Milk Offence Cost Farmer £600

Samples of milk are taken every day, and cases of watering down are not uncommon. For a first offence, farmers can be fined up to £20 for each unsatisfactory sample, and for a second offence up to £100. One farmer paid more than £600 in fines and costs for a second offence. Bagnall is often amused by the explanations put forward by farmers to account for water in their milk. One man pleaded that the milk was diluted because his cows waded through a river several times a day.

Milk is not the only common drink Bagnall supervises. He checks the alcoholic content of beer, and frequently tests samples of wines and spirits. One sample of gin contained twenty per cent water. The next day, the sampling officer went to the public house to take a formal sample, and suggested to the landlord that it should be divided into the statutory three parts somewhere out of sight of his customers.

The licensee led the way down a passage and pointed to a shelf, where the officer placed the

Bagnall watches an assistant make a test on milk. Samples are often found to be watered, and one farmer excused himself by explaining that his herd of cows had waded through a river

A housewife gives Bagnall a suspected purchase to examine. Once, a man brought in green meat—his wife had cooked it in an iron saucepan

gin bottle. As he was taking the three small sampling bottles from his bag he noticed the licensee sweep his arm across the shelf and knock off the gin bottle. The officer caught it.

A little later, the licensee produced his wallet and suggested that the matter might be quietly "squared" between them. The formal sample was 23.5 per cent water, and the licensee was prosecuted.

Not long ago, two members of a family party were taken violently ill after drinking sherry. They sent for the doctor, who cautiously tried it himself. Although he only touched it with his tongue he also began to feel ill, and took the wine to Bagnall for analysis. After distilling off all the water and the alcohol, Bagnall was left with a small amount of an oily substance which he identified as nicotine.

In a garden shed on the premises, police found tins of insecticide which contained fifty per cent nicotine, but they were unable to discover who had put it in the sherry. Bagnall says, "A smaller dose could have been fatal. These people survived because the large dose made them sick."

Bagnall is always on the look-out for medicines with false or excessive claims. One of the most flagrant cases he remembers concerned a medicine advertised as a cure for heart disease. A man whose wife had been taking this medicine for some time without improvement asked Bagnall to analyse it. He discovered it to be plain tap water, with not a trace of anything else, and got in touch with the pharmacist who made and sold the "medicine."

The man explained to Bagnall how he prepared it. He took a large bowl, he said, and filled it with pure water. He then covered the surface of the water with lilies of the valley, and placed the bowl in the sun. After several hours he removed all the lilies of the valley and used what he called "the solution"—which was in fact still plain water—as "stock", which he diluted with more water. He then bottled it in one-ounce bottles which he sold at 3s. 6d. each.

"Lily of the valley does contain a heart stimulant," says Bagnall, "but it would be quite impossible to obtain any of it in the way described. Fifteen times the recommended human dose of this medicine was injected into a guinea pig. It didn't turn a hair."

Manufacturers sometimes seek Bagnall's advice. When the Ministry of Health issued an order limiting the amount of zinc allowed in food, one large food firm inquired about the galvanized storage bins which they had used for many years. Analysis showed that, with sugar and flour, there was a considerable amount of zinc in the layers of the foodstuff nearest the metal. The firm now uses aluminium bins.

Acid In Fruit Dissolved Metal

"Galvanized utensils are always dangerous where food is concerned," says Bagnall. One housewife brought in some jam which she had made in a galvanized pan. After the jam was made she noticed that the sides of the pan were damaged, and she wondered if the jam was all right. One ounce of it contained an emetic dose of zinc, the metal having been dissolved by the action of the acid in the fruit.

A married man with two sons, Bagnall has been city analyst in Birmingham for twenty-five years. After taking a science degree at Birmingham University, he worked during the first World War on the manufacture of explosives. He entered the city analyst's department after the war and, except for a few years as deputy analyst at Salford, Lancashire, he has been in Birmingham ever since.

Birmingham Corporation spends ten thousand pounds a year—one-third of a penny rate—to maintain the department. Any member of the public may come to Bagnall with a sample for analysis, and for private inquiries of this kind a charge of one guinea is made, unless the matter might concern the population generally, when analysis is free. A sympathetic man with a sense of humour, Bagnall is often amused and affected by the human stories behind these samples.

Many people, especially old folk living alone, develop an idea that their landlord has taken a dislike to them and is trying to drive them out. Some believe he is poisoning them, and they bring a bottle of milk or a jar of marmalade to the analyst. Bagnall listens to their troubles patiently, and puts in an occasional word of reassurance.

"Eventually they go away, happy to have got it all off their chest—and quite often still clutching the bottle which they thought was poisoned," he says.

One husband brought Bagnall some stewed meat, which he thought was poisoned because it was green. The colour was due to the fact that the man's wife had used an iron saucepan.

Bagnall gets plenty of evidence that relations between neighbours sometimes reach breaking point. In one case, he found that some plants which had turned black and died almost overnight had been treated with sulphuric acid by an envious neighbour.

Even friendly actions are sometimes regarded with suspicion. A piece of home-made cake offered over a garden fence was never eaten, but found its way to Bagnall's laboratory in the hands of an indignant man who alleged that it contained a pill.

The "pill" was a common weed seed which had found its way into the flour from which the cake had been made. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Acting on impulse, he walked to the woman's table and bowed. "Will you do me the honour of splitting a bottle of champagne with me?" he asked

Sir Humphrey's indiscretion

by ***ROBERT STANDISH***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

It was his night of nights! He'd won six thousand pounds. He'd met the greatest little girl in the world. Who cared what his wife would say?

PASTORELLI, the Franco-Italian proprietor of the Pension Seaview, which lies upon a sun-drenched slope behind Cannes and from which, despite its name, the Mediterranean is invisible, circulated amiably among his guests while they ate the noonday curry for which the establishment was famous. They were, almost without exception, retired members of the British Indian and Colonial services, accustomed by long usage to hell-fire curries and almost incandescent condiments.

Pastorelli paused briefly at the window table occupied by General Sir Humphrey Ridway, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., expressing his surprise that Lady Ridway had not come down to lunch.

"My wife is still trying to digest yesterday's curry," said the general in his penetrating voice, audible in every corner of the dining-room. He mixed himself a glass of warm water and bicarbonate of soda, with what Pastorelli considered needless ostentation, and after he had consumed it, went upstairs to see his wife.

He found her gazing bleakly at a small puddle of minced veal on toast and a saucer of stewed figs, surmounted by a blob of synthetic cream. On the tray was a printed card which read: *"Meals served in the room charged 50 francs extra."*

"Aren't you going to eat it, my dear?" asked the general, averting his eyes. "It looks delicious."

Lady Ridway closed her eyes, offering no reply. "What are you going to do this afternoon?" she asked.

"I shall go for a walk," replied the general. "Which reminds me that I shall need some money for a haircut."

Lady Ridway fished in her bag and produced one hundred francs, whose value in round figures was two shillings.

"But that isn't nearly enough," said her husband sadly. The formidable lady handed over another one hundred francs.

"I need some cigarettes, too," said the general. "Furthermore, I do not like having money doled out to me in driblets as though I were a half-witted child."

"Then don't behave like a half-witted child. If I allowed you to control our money, you know as well as I do you would lose it all at the casino. Then we should have to return to England, and England in the winter would kill us both."

"You have no right to suppose that I should lose," retorted the general hotly, "when, in point of fact, my system has yielded handsome profits. Only lack of capital has prevented me from making a vast fortune."

"I decline to discuss the matter any further, Daddles," came the firm response. "Meanwhile, I hope you enjoy your walk."

The general's jauntiness did not return to him until he was well clear of the Pension Seaview and out of reach of his wife's caustic tongue. During the bus ride to Cannes, some twenty minutes distant, the general removed from the lining of his hat four notes, each for five thousand francs, left over from an undisclosed winning session at the casino. Then, in meditative mood, he took a solitary stroll along the boulevard de la Croisette.

The chips were grouped before him in huge, satisfying piles. For a moment he sat there, basking in his triumph

The world, the general mused sadly, did not offer much to an old soldier who had outlived his usefulness and most of his contemporaries. Life had very little meaning, perhaps because there were no more glorious uncertainties.

As he strolled along past nursemaids sunning their charges beside the sea, he fell to thinking of old comrades. Good fellows, most of them were now beyond recall. The ranks had thinned until he and a pitiful handful like him eked out the remaining years in senile futility. The uneventful daily round was governed by the clock. Breakfast at eight, lunch at one, tea at four and dinner at eight. Everything was predictable—everything, that is, except the little ivory ball which danced so gaily round the roulette wheel.

As the sun dipped below the Estérel on this golden winter's afternoon, General Ridway shivered. There was a chill in the air, and his nostalgia had left him feeling low. As he turned with quickened pace in the direction of the casino, a pleasurable excitement held him.

He paused inside the revolving door to savour the warm perfumed air which met him. At the entrance to the gambling rooms, the general paused again, this time to reflect upon the cathedral hush which had the place in its grip. The atmosphere was not unlike that of a bank. People walked softly, lowering their voices, abashed in the presence of vast sums of money.

There was a vacant seat at the "big" roulette table. Into this the general lowered himself while he studied the list of numbers which had come up since the opening of the afternoon's play.

His excitement mounted as he saw that the middle dozen—the numbers 13 to 24, inclusive—had not come up during the preceding seventeen spins of the wheel, whereas the law of averages decreed that one of these numbers should win every third spin. This was the kind of situation ready-made for his system, which was based on the assumption that sooner or later the law of averages always reasserted itself.

It cost the general his last remaining twenty thousand francs to prove that the law of averages was in no hurry. The four winning numbers were 36, 11, 2 and 32.

JUST as there are always flower sellers in the vicinity of cemeteries, so there is always a pawnshop handy to a French casino. The general's only remaining negotiable asset—and, incidentally, his most valued possession—was a gold cigarette case presented to him some forty-five years previously when he shot the winning goal in an inter-regimental polo match. He rushed to the pawnshop and exchanged this personal treasure for seventeen thousand francs.

During his absence of eight minutes, not one of the winning numbers had been between 13 and 24. This, according to the general's fevered calculations, made it a mathematical near-certainty that the law of averages was about to become operative again.

And the strangest part about it all is that the general's optimism was justified; his system, so contemptuously regarded by Lady Ridway, triumphed over the casino. When, about two hours after pawning his cigarette case, he ceased playing, General Ridway had won the franc equivalent of some £6,000. He sat there for a moment, glowing with his triumph.

There was a huge pile of chips on the table in front of him, more than would go into his pockets. The last stack—rich, oval-shaped plaques, each worth 100,000 francs—he carried in his hands.

Envious eyes followed him as he walked across the room to exchange his chips for cash. After the transaction, he made in the direction of the bar.

The chill of anticlimax settled over the general when, taking a seat at a vacant table, he realized that he had no good friend with whom he could share his triumph. It was at that precise moment that a woman two tables away smiled and bowed.

She was a faded blonde but, in the soft light calculated to flatter faded women of uncertain age, there was about her a certain wistful beauty. To the general—who was not in a mood to be hypercritical—there was also

something familiar. Where had he met her before?

The waiter still hovered expectantly in the offing when the general, acting on impulse, walked to the woman's table, bowed and said: "If I have forgotten your name, madam, be charitable and put it down to an old man's failing memory. Will you do me the honour of splitting a bottle of champagne with me?"

"With pleasure, monsieur," she replied with a smile. "Names are not important. Nevertheless, I am the Princess Castellaras."

"Then," said the general, while the waiter hurried off, "I must ask your pardon, for I have never met anyone of your name."

"But I was not always a princess, monsieur. Remember that."

The general was just ordering the second bottle when memory came to his rescue. "It has come to me," he said. "You remind me forcibly of someone I met a long time ago—nearly forty years ago. Her first name was Zaza, but I forget the rest. She saved my life."

"Let us drink to this Zaza," said the princess, raising her glass, "and while we are drinking, you shall tell me the story."

"I will tell you the story, Princess, but it was foolish of me to think that you were this Zaza, because—well, if she is still alive, Zaza is an old woman, while you, Princess, still have youth and beauty. Nevertheless, the likeness is positively amazing."

"And the story, monsieur. Please go on."

"I was a major in the Gunners in those days—the summer of 1915. My battery was billeted at the Château de What's-his-name at the time—ugly brute of a house—owned by a charming chap, Count Thingamyjig, or something. Whole family was delightful—especially Zaza. She was his daughter. Her name wasn't Zaza, of course, but that's what everyone called her. Well, the night we received orders to withdraw to a position a few miles back, I was hit by three shell splinters. Bled like a pig, too. The sawbones told me I couldn't be moved, so they left me behind—nothing else to be done."

"And Zaza—what of Zaza?"

"I'm coming to that. Zaza was a girl in a million. Pretty as a picture, too—just like you, Princess. Well, Zaza hid me in the hayloft—risked her life for me a dozen times a day, brought me food, came to do my dressings. By this time, of course, the Germans were occupying the château, and they'd have shot her out of hand for hiding an Allied officer. I told her the best thing she could do was to let me give myself up—didn't want it on my conscience, don't you see, to have the whole family shot. What do you think she replied?"

"What did she reply?"

GENERAL RIDWAY leaned forward. "'Daddles,' she said—everyone called me Daddles—'I am a Frenchwoman, and I will never allow an English officer to fall into the hands of my country's enemies.' Splendid, wasn't it? What could I say?"

"Tell me," said the princess, "what did you and Zaza talk about in the hayloft?"

"That, my dear," said the general, burping gently with emotion, "is the kind of question that mustn't be asked. What I said to Zaza and Zaza said to me—well, they were the kind of things said in sacred confidence."

"Did you tell your wife afterwards?"

There was an explosion as some champagne went the wrong way. "Tell my wife? Good heavens, no!" roared the general, pale at the thought.

"Daddles," said the princess softly, "I am glad that you did not tell anyone."

"Why should that concern you?" asked the general, gazing searchingly at the princess.

"Because I am Zaza!" was the reply, uttered in a tense tone.

"Impossible, my dear, quite impossible! Bless my soul. Let me see—subtract 1915 from 1954—that's thirty-nine, isn't it? Now, Zaza couldn't have been less than twenty at the time, so that makes you not less than fifty-nine years of age, my dear. Quite absurd! You don't look a day over thirty-five."

"That is sweet of you, Daddles. Nevertheless, I am Zaza and I shall be—do not tell anyone—I shall be sixty next birthday."

"Zaza, my dear," said the general moistly, "you have the secret of eternal youth—and we must have another bottle on this. 'Pon my soul, I think this is the happiest day of my life!"

"Champagne is very expensive, Daddles. Are you sure that you can afford it?"

"My dear girl, even if I couldn't afford it, we'd still have another bottle. But the fact is, I've got piles of money, simply rolling in it. I've invented a new system at roulette—wish I'd invented it fifty years ago. What's the good of money to an old soldier on the wrong side of seventy? Think what you and I could have done with it if we'd been able to bolt from the Château de What's-his-name!"

"I am very happy, Daddles," said Zaza with a deep sigh.

"Now you tell me what's happened to you in the last thirty-nine years," said the general, taking a large swig of champagne. "How do you happen to be a princess, for example?"

ZAZA smiled sadly. "It is a long story. I was in Paris in 1916, and there I met a rich man from Argentina. I married him. He died and left me a great deal of money, and in 1930 I met Prince Castellaras in Biarritz and we were married. I am afraid he married me only for my money, Daddles."

"Dashed blackguard!"

"And when all my money was gone, he left me. I have been very unhappy, Daddles. I came here to the casino tonight to have one last game—and if I lost, it was the end."

They finished the champagne in a strained silence. Then Zaza led the way back into the gambling rooms, pausing at a crowded roulette table.

She fumbled in her bag and, producing a handful of small chips, put them all on red. The next number was 11, which is black. Then, before the general's horrified eyes, Zaza pitched forward in a dead faint. Two casino employees carried her to a couch in an alcove, and produced smelling salts.

"I should not have drunk the champagne, Daddles," she said weakly when she had recovered. "I have eaten nothing today!"

"Very foolish, my dear!"

"If I had eaten today," she said sadly, "there would have been no money for my last gamble."

The general was deeply touched. Offering his arm to Zaza, he led the way to the casino restaurant. He was remembering how much he owed to Zaza, but for whose devotion and selflessness, almost forty years previously, he might well have died of his wounds. When the need arose, Zaza had not hesitated to risk all. Now, he did not want to be backward in acknowledging his great debt.

It was a pity, the general mused, that when relating the story of those anxious weeks in the hayloft to Julia, he had slurred over the personality of Zaza. He had spoken of the loyalty and devotion of a French family, rather than any particular member of it. Julia, at that time, might not have been too receptive if the French family had reduced itself to the lovely Zaza. She would not be too receptive now.

During dinner the general glanced at his watch to learn that it was after nine o'clock. Dinner at the Pension Seaview was at eight. At best there would be some difficult explanations, and Julia—especially when her usually cast-iron digestion was out of order—would not make them any easier. The more he dwelt upon his return to the Pension Seaview, the less he relished it.

"Ah, Princess," said Julia, with a gesture. "Now, after nearly forty years, I can thank you for your kindness to my husband." She paused. "And you must have been so young at the time"

"And now, Daddles," said Zaza, a wealth of appeal in her big blue eyes, "you will please take me home. I am so-o-o tired."

The taxi wound up a narrow street, little more than a lane, in the old town of Cannes, which lies above the port, stopping in front of a mean building which reeked of poverty. There was no light in the hall. A street lamp revealed a stone staircase within, the stairs worn in the middle, and shabby wallpaper stained with damp. On the first landing a blowzy Frenchwoman stood with arms akimbo.

THE princess fumbled for a key, but she would not let her pass. "No, my fine lady," she said, "not until you pay the rent. One hundred and ten thousand francs or out you go."

"What does the woman say?" asked the general, who had caught little more than the gist of it.

Between sobs, Zaza interpreted.

The general did not hesitate. Peeling eleven

notes of ten-thousand-franc denomination off the huge wad he was carrying, he handed them to the landlady, who at once stood aside and allowed Zaza to open her door.

The only illumination in the room was a naked, flyspecked electric lamp hanging from the ceiling. The general blanched as he regarded the squalor it revealed. A cracked basin and jug stood on a rickety washstand. Two kitchen chairs, a wardrobe minus one hinge on its door, and an old table completed the furniture. There was no covering on the floor.

"Thank you, Daddles," said Zaza, regarding her surroundings with distaste. "Now I will try to sleep, and tomorrow—you will come to see me?"

"I will come tomorrow," said the general. "And what time?"

"I will wait for you here at six o'clock. Good night, Daddles."

As the general fumbled his way downstairs, he felt shattered to his foundations, appalled by the squalid lodging which was Zaza's home. The champagne and all the excitement of meeting Zaza after so many years had kept him going, but suddenly the champagne left him flat and he knew that he was a tired old man who wanted to go to bed. As he climbed into the waiting taxi, he felt unable to face the scene that would certainly follow his arrival at the Pension Seaview. Explanations—even if he felt able to make them—would mean nothing to Julia.

For one desperate moment, the general contemplated telling the taxi driver to take him the hundred-odd miles to Marseilles, where, if providence were kind, he would find a ship bound for Australia. It is more than possible that he would have adopted this desperate course if he had known at that moment that in the lounge of the Pension Seaview the topic of conversation was his own sensational win at roulette, coupled with the name of the Princess Castellaras, about whom nobody knew anything.

The animated conversation in the lounge ceased abruptly as the general made his entrance. Lady Ridway, who had evidently recovered from her indisposition, was the centre of a group which commanded a good view of the door.

"Ah, Daddles!" she said in a voice which grated. "As it is almost eleven o'clock, are we to presume that you have dined?"

"I dined at the casino."

"I thought you disliked dining alone."

"I do. But I didn't dine alone."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask with whom?"

"Yes, very," replied the general, who at that moment decided that if this cross-examination was to be in public, he would not, whatever subsequent cost, submit to it meekly.

This reply disconcerted Julia Ridway. "Well," she said at length, "who was it?"

"The Princess Castellaras, my dear."

"I don't believe there's any such person," snapped Julia.

"Nor do I, my dear. But that's who it was."

"And what is this I hear about you winning

Continued on page 33

Joyce Grenfell breaks the rules for laughs

by ANTONY FERRY

She was a failure until she lost all her illusions about the stage. Now, when she forgets her lines, she just stands and giggles with the audience

EARLY IN THE LAST WAR, a desert convoy consisting of a motor-cycle, a jeep, a staff car and a battered two-ton lorry approached the outskirts of Isfahan in Persia. The motor-cycle halted at a pipeline guarded by a solitary British soldier. A major with a tommy-gun jumped out of the jeep, two women waved from the staff car, and an Indian driver climbed on top of the lorry to unlace a dusty tarpaulin over a piano.

Joyce Grenfell, whose face was not yet famous, did her first wartime show with her accompanist, Viola Tunnard, for the lonely sentry on the road to Isfahan. Still an inexperienced entertainer, she spoke her first monologue, about a cockney girl, rather nervously. She was relieved when the soldier called out: "Sing me a verse of 'Deep Purple'—in honour of my mother-in-law's varicose veins."

The request had a peculiar effect on Mrs. Grenfell. She attacked the rest of the programme so zestfully that she did not reach Isfahan that day. Instead, the soldier telephoned to the next guard station on the pipeline, and she staged eleven more shows in the next eight hours, to groups of five or six men.

This tendency to let herself be carried away by events has characterized her career still more since 1946, when she was awarded the O.B.E. for her war work. She is so much herself, on or off the stage, that she has won a name as the most unprofessional professional on the West End stage.

During a recent matinée performance of her new revue at the Fortune Theatre, she struck a limp, ungraceful pose as a parody of a dance student, and began to sing one of her own lyrics.

No Time For Polished Acting

She was so intent on the mime that she muffed a tricky line about three lady choristers. It came out as "three lady foresters," and her reaction was to break all the rules of stage etiquette. Instead of covering up the mistake, she burst out with a high-pitched raucous laugh. A second later, the audience was laughing, too.

"My wife doesn't worry about mistakes like that," says Reginald Pascoe Grenfell. "She makes no excuse for garbled jokes or missed-out lines, and she has given up trying to make a smooth stage entrance. None of it matters. The enormous pleasure she gets out of her work gives her star quality. She has no time to be a polished actress."

After nine successful revues and a dozen films, which include *Laughter In Paradise*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Genevieve* and *Poet's Pub*, Joyce

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Informality creeps into everything Joyce Grenfell does. Opening a London school in 1952, she sang with the children's band

In *Pickwick Papers*, Joyce Grenfell played Mrs. Leo Hunter. "The enormous pleasure Joyce gets from work gives her star quality," says her husband

Joyce Grenfell dresses for her new revue, *Requests The Pleasure*, at the Fortune Theatre. Her first wartime show had an audience of one

Grenfell is still, according to Stephen Potter, an amateur who works for the love of it.

Her increasing popularity, despite her own lack of stage ambition, caused a theatrical agent to remark that the theatre was a vocation to which many were called but few chosen. "Joyce," he added, "manages to be one of the chosen few without ever having been called."

On stage, she has an informality that creeps into everything she does.

During the war she was called in on a series of B.B.C. programmes on techniques, *How To Look At A Town, How To Listen To Music.* They were seriously intended, but light-hearted.

Told Listeners How To Woo

"Shortly after Joyce came in," says a friend of hers, Mrs. Betty Johnstone, "the programmes evolved into quite a different thing. We found ourselves telling the listeners how to woo, and how to become dance band leaders. So much of her bright banter went astray at studio conferences that we finally hit on the idea of having a shorthand typist to follow her around. In this way, her casual remarks, always better than her prepared ones, got into the script."

She has known "practically from the age of one" that she has an instinctive talent for making people laugh without consciously trying; but because the talent is natural to her she mistrusts it. When she doesn't get a laugh, she feels that she has deserved the failure.

At one of her troop shows in Malta during the war, she went through every skit she knew, feeling more and more depressed because she got only restrained applause.

"I frankly thought it was all over with me," she says. "I got so desperate for a little human laugh that I did Miss Gossage, the hockey mistress, for them." The audience reaction was cool, so she rounded off the show.

The failure continued to ruffle her until an army chaplain explained that she had been playing to an audience of Yugoslavs.

A common misconception labels Joyce Grenfell as a caustic commentator on the British scene, who goes shopping and sits on buses only to get first-hand material for her biting caricatures.

But, like Ruth Draper, Mrs. Grenfell rarely takes her material from real incidents. Only two of her monologues are commentaries on actual happenings. Once, at a Women's Institute meeting in Buckinghamshire, she heard a lecturer talking about acceptable gifts and how to make posies out of beech-nut husk clusters. The resulting skit launched her career.

On another occasion, she saw an overbearing woman in an outsize gown pumping a concert pianist's hand at a party, telling him: "We must get together soon, and let's make music madly." The last phrase became the title of a popular song she wrote.

Even her friends approach her gingerly at parties, afraid that they might find themselves mercilessly lampooned in some future show.

When Joyce Grenfell was small, Ruth Draper used to entertain her in her nursery with bedtime stories acted as character sketches. She recalls that Joyce was a shrewd observer even then, and an eager listener.

Beatrice Lillie was another family friend, and George Bernard Shaw often came to liven up weekend parties with his wit. On his first visit he told her: "I suppose you want an autographed picture of me. Well, here are six. One for each day of the week. Let Sunday be a day of rest."

By the time she was fourteen, she was thoroughly stagestruck. "I was in love with Noël Coward and Ivor Novello simultaneously."

One day she told her father, an architect called Paul Phipps, that she wanted to act.

He insisted that she should go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to test her seriousness. She stayed three months and lost all her illusions about the stage. "I wasn't very good," she says. "I wasn't even promising. Nobody cared very much."

Hair-do Fell Over Her Face

By then a tall, gangling girl, she was sent to Paris, where she took piano lessons and painted. One day, she decided to play the sophisticated young lady. She got a boy friend to take her to the opera to hear *Faust*. Her desperate attempts at poise attracted attention, and she began unconsciously to exaggerate every gesture as she moved back to her seat after the first interval. Her hair was done in a precarious upsweep to make her look older.

The second-act curtain went up to what she remembers as "a frightening clatter of ironmongery." The pins in her hair fell out one by one.

At first, there were giggles from the people around her, then loud laughter as the whole hair-do plopped over her face.

"I was acutely humiliated," she says. "That probably had a lot to do with their laughter. But I still wonder why they weren't annoyed."

She was seventeen and home for the Easter holidays when she first met Reginald Pascoe Grenfell. They were married and soon settled at Taplow, in the Buckinghamshire countryside.

In her spare time she presided over meetings of a village institute and wrote broadcasting reviews for *The Observer*. She praised the broadcasts of Stephen Potter, and mutual friends introduced them. Then, one Friday night in January, 1939, Potter invited her to his home.

During a lull in conversation, Potter asked his guests: "Have any of you heard Joyce take off that Women's Institute lecturer she met?"

After a show of protest, she realized that "it was going to be easier to have a go at it than to keep on arguing." She began to describe the gushing, toothy woman who had lectured on ways to make acceptable gifts, but she projected herself into the part so well that Potter says some of the guests felt a physical shock.

"Her reflection of the personality was so exact," he says, "that it seemed to be the character herself who was speaking."

Party Piece Got Her A Job

During the skit, one of the male guests edged towards Mrs. Grenfell. At the end he stood up, introduced himself as the producer Herbert Farjeon, and asked: "Who wrote that thing? I want it for my new show."

"Nobody wrote it," she said. "I made it up."

"Get it down on paper," Farjeon said, "and you've got a part in the show."

At first she refused the offer, but her husband told her: "If you don't try it, you will always think you might have been a success."

The first time she played to a paying audience, in Farjeon's revue, she says she felt what amounted to a spiritual experience. "At the end of my first song, it seemed that the audience was so unusually compact that I was carried aloft by the feeling between us. It was like riding a winged horse, sensitive to my every remark. I have never had the experience again."

Her current revue is the biggest success she has had. It is the first time she has ever carried such a heavy weight of the entertaining. But it has not changed her outlook.

As she says herself: "I have no plans, no ambitions. I have done it now, and I'd never do it again. There is no great Hamlet in my soul to be got rid of."

THE END

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Rich milk chocolate, crammed with crisp roasted Hazelnuts.

DUNCAN MERROLS
Golden butterscotch bon-bons with melting caramel centres — individually wrapped.

DUNCAN CAROLS
A soft rich caramel, thickly coated with creamy milk chocolate.

MADE BY DUNCAN OF EDINBURGH

Soon after D-day, there were stormy disagreements among invasion commanders. In another of his "Ten Years After" articles, Britain's leading military expert reveals why the advance faltered

Brasshats quarrelled as we battled through Normandy

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

BEFORE IT WAS LAUNCHED, the invasion of Normandy looked a most hazardous venture. The Allied troops had to disembark on a coast that the enemy had occupied during four years, with ample time to fortify it, cover it with obstacles and sow it with mines. For the defence, the Germans had fifty-nine divisions in the west, and ten of these were panzer divisions that might swiftly deliver an armoured counterstroke.

The Allies' power to bring into action the large forces now assembled in England was limited by the fact that they had to cross the sea, and by the number of landing-craft available. They could disembark only eight divisions in the first seaborne lift, together with three airborne, and a week would pass before they could double the number ashore.

So there was cause to feel anxious about the chances of storming Hitler's "Atlantic Wall" and about the risks of being thrown back into the sea.

Yet, in the event, the first footholds were soon expanded into a large bridgehead, eighty miles wide. The enemy never managed to deliver any dangerous counterstroke before the Allied forces broke out from the bridgehead. The break-out was made in the way and at the place that Montgomery had originally planned. The whole German position in France then quickly collapsed.

Looking back, the course of the invasion appears wonderfully easy and sure. But appearances are deceptive. It was an operation that eventually went according to plan, but not according to timetable.

The common idea that the invasion had a smooth and sure run was fostered by Montgomery's subsequent emphasis that "the battle was fought exactly as planned before the invasion," and by the fact that the Allied armies reached the Seine within ninety days—the line shown on the forecast map, produced in April, as the line to be gained by "D plus ninety."

Traffic Jam On The Beaches

It is "Montgomery's way" to talk as if any operation that he has conducted has always proceeded exactly as he intended, with the certainty and precision of a machine—or of divine providence. That characteristic has often obscured his adaptability to circumstances, and thus, ironically, deprived him of the credit due to him for the combination of flexibility with determination in generalship.

In the original plan, Caen was to be captured

Montgomery and Eisenhower in France. In July, 1944, according to Eisenhower's naval aide, "Ike was angry and Britain was ready to sack Monty"

on the first day of the landing, June 6. The start was good and the coastal defences were overcome by 9 a.m. But Montgomery's account has covered up the fact that the advance inland to Caen did not start until the afternoon. That was due partly to a paralysing traffic jam on the beaches, but also to the excessive caution of the commanders on the spot—at a time when there was hardly anything to stop them.

When they eventually pushed on towards Caen, the keypoint of the invasion area, a panzer division—the only one in the whole invasion area of Normandy—arrived on the scene and produced a check. A second panzer division came up next day. More than a month passed before Caen was at last secured and cleared, after much heavy fighting.

As things turned out, the prolongation of the "Battle of the Bridgehead" worked out to the Allies' advantage. For the bulk of the German forces in the west were drawn there, while arriving bit by bit owing to divided views in their High Command and constant hindrance from the vast Allied force that dominated the sky. The panzer divisions, arriving first and used to fill gaps, were ground down first—thus depriving the enemy of the mobile arm he needed when it came to fighting in the open country. The very toughness of the resistance that so much delayed the Allies' break-out ensured them a clear path through France, once they broke out.

The ultimate triumph has obscured the fact that the Allies were in great danger at the outset, and had a very close shave. The delays in keeping to timetable during the opening days, particularly on D-day itself, might easily have proved fatal. The Allies would have had no chance of ever getting established ashore but for their complete supremacy in the air.

Panzers Pierced British Lines

But almost as much was owed to a conflict of ideas on the German side—between Hitler and his generals, and among the generals themselves. That is another later revelation.

On D-day the one panzer division that was in Normandy, and near the stretch where the Allies landed, succeeded in frustrating Montgomery's hope of capturing the keypoint of Caen that day. Part of it actually pierced the British front and drove through to the beach—another fact not mentioned in his account. But the thrust was too small to have a wide effect.

If even the three panzer divisions that were on the scene by the fourth day had been at hand and able to intervene on D-day, the Allied footholds could have been dislodged before they were joined up and consolidated.

But any such strong and prompt counterstroke was frustrated by discord in the German Command, both about the probable site of the invasion and the method of meeting it.

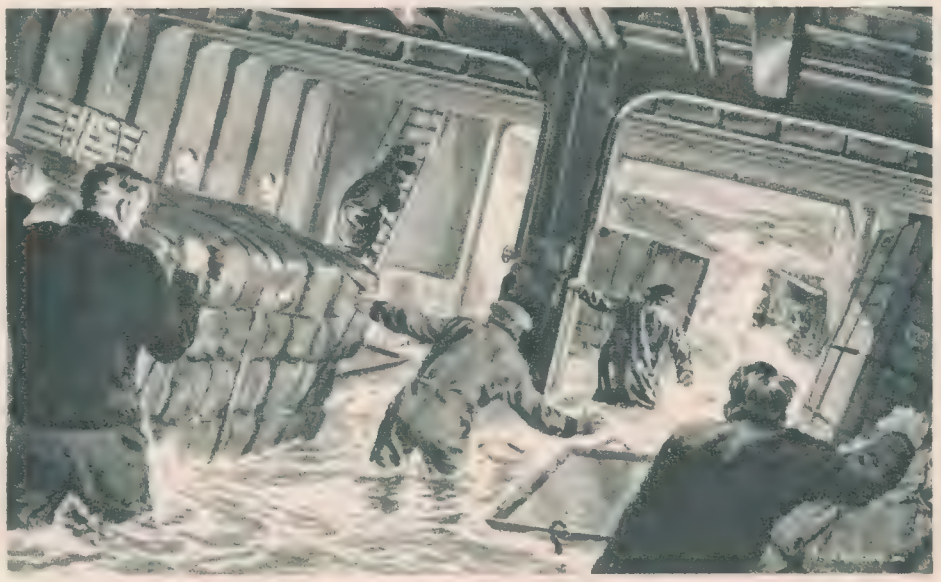
Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, the Commander-in-Chief in the west, thought the invasion would come across the narrower part of the Channel, between Calais and Dieppe.

Rundstedt's chief of staff, General Blumentritt, later told me how badly baffled was the German Intelligence.

"Very little reliable news came out of England. There was a small number of German agents there, who reported by radio transmitting sets what they observed. They gave us reports of where, broadly, the British and American forces were assembling in southern England. But they found out scarcely anything beyond

THE GREAT STORM

by J. LENNOX KERR



The Princess Victoria's stern doors were breached. Water tore at men and cargo

When savage gales swept the British Isles for three terrible days early in 1953, nearly three hundred people were drowned at sea. The Irish mail-ferry Princess Victoria was only one of many ships that went down. The account of the seamen and coastguards who struggled with disaster is a vivid, human story of heroism. With brilliant paintings by Clive Uptton and dramatic photographs, it begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

that. Nothing we learned gave us a definite clue where the invasion was actually coming."

Hitler, however, had a "hunch" about Normandy. From March onwards, he sent his generals repeated warnings about the possibility of a landing between Caen and Cherbourg.

How did he arrive at that conclusion, which proved correct? General Warlimont, who was on his staff, told me it was inspired by the general layout of the troops in England, with the Americans in the south-west, along with his belief that the Allies would seek to capture a big port as early as possible, and that Cherbourg was the most likely for their purpose. His conclusion was strengthened by observers' reports of a big invasion exercise in Devon, where the troops disembarked on a stretch of flat and open coastline similar to the intended area in Normandy.

Rommel And Rundstedt Differ

Rommel, who was in executive charge of the forces on the Channel coast, came round to the same view as Hitler. In the last few months he made feverish efforts to hasten the construction of under-water obstacles and bomb-proof bunkers, and the laying of minefields.

He also found himself in disagreement with Rundstedt over the method of meeting an invasion. Rundstedt relied on a plan of delivering a powerful counter-offensive to crush the Allies after they had landed. Rommel considered that this would be too late, in face of the Allies' domination of the air and their capacity to delay the German reserves' concentrating for such a counter-offensive. He felt that the best chance lay in defeating the invaders on the coast, before they were properly ashore.

The plan became a compromise between these different ideas—and fell between two stools. Worse still, Hitler tried to control the battle from remote Berchtesgaden, and kept a tight hand on the use of the reserves. There was only one panzer division at Rommel's disposal in Normandy, and he had brought this up close behind Caen. So it was able to check the British there on D-day. He had begged in vain for a second one to place near St. Lo—where it would have been close to the beaches where the Americans landed.

On D-day, precious hours were wasted in argument on the German side. Hitler himself did not hear of the landing until very late in the morning. Like Churchill, he had a habit of staying up until long after midnight. Jodl, reluctant to disturb Hitler's late morning sleep, took it upon himself to resist Rundstedt's appeal for the release of the reserves.

They might have been released earlier if Rommel had not been absent from Normandy. But, as high wind and rough sea seemed to make invasion unlikely for the moment, he had decided to combine a visit to Hitler—to urge the need of more panzer divisions in Normandy—with a visit to his home near Ulm for his wife's birthday. Early next morning, a telephone call told him that the invasion had begun. He did not get back to his headquarters until the invaders were well established ashore.

The commander of the army in that part of Normandy was also away—directing an exercise in Brittany. The commander of the panzer corps that lay in reserve had gone on a visit to Belgium. Another key commander is said to have been away spending the night with a girl.

When the initial counter-moves broke down, and had obviously failed to prevent the Allies' continued "build-up" in the bridgehead, Rundstedt and Rommel soon came to realize the hopelessness of trying to hold on to any line so far west.

Telling me the sequel, Blumentritt said: "In desperation, Field-Marshal von Rundstedt begged Hitler to come to France for a talk. He and Rommel together went to meet Hitler at Soissons on June 17, and tried to make him understand the situation. But Hitler insisted that there must be no withdrawal—'You must stay where you are.' He would not even agree to allow us any more freedom than before in moving the forces as we thought best.

"As he would not modify his orders, the troops had to continue clinging on to their cracking line. There was no plan any longer. We were merely trying, without hope, to comply with Hitler's order that the line Caen—Avranches must be held at all costs."

When asked one day on the telephone from Hitler's H.Q.: "What shall we do?" Rundstedt retorted: "End the war! What else can you do?" Hitler's solution was to sack Rundstedt and replace him by Kluge, who had been on the Eastern Front.

"Field-Marshal von Kluge was a robust, aggressive type of soldier," Blumentritt remarked. "At the start he was very cheerful and confident—like all newly appointed commanders. Within a few days he became very sober and quiet. Hitler did not like the changing tone of his reports."

The Bomb That Missed Hitler

On July 17, Rommel was badly injured when his car crashed, after being attacked on the road by Allied planes. Then, three days later, on July 20, came the attempt to kill Hitler at his headquarters in East Prussia. The conspirators' bomb missed its chief target, but it had terrific repercussions on the battle in the west at the critical moment.

"When the Gestapo investigated the conspiracy, they found documents in which Kluge's name was mentioned, so he came under grave suspicion. Then another incident made things look worse. Shortly after General Patton's break-out from Normandy, Kluge was out of touch with his headquarters for more than twelve hours. He had been trapped in a heavy artillery bombardment at the front.

"Meantime, we had been suffering 'bombardment' from the rear. Hitler thought that he had gone up to the front to negotiate with the Allies for surrender. From this date onward, the orders which Hitler sent him were worded in brusque and even insulting language. The field-marshal became very worried. He feared that he would be arrested at any moment.

"All this had a very bad effect on any chance that remained of preventing the Allies from breaking out. In the days of crisis, Kluge gave only part of his attention to what was happening at the front. He was looking back over his shoulder anxiously—towards Hitler's headquarters.

"He was not the only general who was in that state of worry. Fear permeated and paralysed the higher commands in the weeks that followed."

German Armies Caught In Trap

On July 25, the U.S. 1st Army launched a fresh offensive, "Cobra," and on July 31 broke right through, at the western end of the front. On Hitler's orders the remnants of the panzer forces were scraped together and used in a desperate effort to cut the bottleneck at Avranches. The effort failed—whereat Hitler caustically said: "It only failed because Kluge didn't want to succeed." All that remained of the German armies now tried to escape from the trap in which they had been kept by Hitler's ban on any timely withdrawal.

Kluge was then sacked. On the way home he was found dead in his car, having swallowed a poison capsule. As his chief of staff explained to me: "He believed that he would be arrested by the Gestapo as soon as he arrived home."

It was not only on the German side that stormy recriminations arose within the High

Continued on page 34

THE HUNGRY FATHOMS

by JOHN KRUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

He was as crazy as a loon to try, but he swam on and on. Here, there was only death, but to the east there was land—seventy miles away!

DOWN IN THE HOLD, the noise was ear-splitting. Every timber the length and breadth of the Ben Sidi Tajir seemed to be grinding its teeth in agony. The single hurricane lamp swung sickeningly overhead, swilling its anaemic light around in the blackness. Mike Gardner shut his eyes and braced himself against a crate; felt the ship lift and drop away crabwise in a quick double movement that sucked his stomach about inside him like water in a goatskin.

The native passengers around him were now fully awake. They were sitting up among the cargo, chattering shrilly, the whites of their eyes showing clearly in the lamplight. There were about twenty of them, travelling rough like himself from Ceylon to the Maldive Islands.

The Ben Sidi Tajir was a Maldivian schooner, and her run was between Colombo and the islands. She was a cross between a felucca and a Spanish galleon and she was crewed by a ragged bunch of Moplahs, descended from the old Malabar Coast pirates.

There was nothing those Moplahs didn't know about the sea. They had smelled the wind coming five hours before it hit the ship. They were a full day out of port. There was nothing they could do but keep running and hope to miss it.

When the wind was an hour away, they knew by the sky they would never make the edge of it. It was two in the morning. Mike was asleep on deck. They had shaken him awake and told him to get below. Then they had dropped the big triangular sail, battened down the hatches and hove to.

The only passenger accommodation was the hold, and he had gone down there wondering what all the panic was about. He didn't wonder long.

It was a hurricane.

It hit the main-mast with a shock which went right down into the ship and set up a howl in the rigging that made his hackles creep. The ship was half empty and, with all her galleon-like superstructure in the stern, she began to roll like a tar barrel.

He braced himself with his feet and listened to the grinding timbers and cursed. There were safer ways of getting to the islands than in this relic. But not as cheap; that was the rub. When you speared fish for a living you couldn't afford to travel first class.

He was on his way to the Maldives to try the spearing there. He was planning to fish his way through the reefs, selling his catches as he went. His spear-gun lay on the rice sacks beside him, with his fins and mask strapped to the trigger guard. His only other luggage was a pack containing a change of clothing, a dozen harpoon-heads and the sixty-foot reel he used when spearing in deep water.

The storm seemed to be getting worse. He could hear the diesel auxiliary going flat out to keep the schooner's head into the wind, felt the screw race in the air each time she toppled

Bracing himself, Mike grabbed the Moplah woman by the hair. As he pulled, the schooner lurched, and a great wave rose behind him

down into a trough. Near him, a Moplah woman lay on the sacks, clutching her stomach and whimpering. She was pregnant, and he couldn't tell if she was in labour or just seasick. She didn't seem to belong to anybody. He spoke to her in Sinhalese, but she made no sign that she had heard him.

SUDDENLY the ship gave one of her quick double movements. He could feel the whole skeleton of her twist. There was a slow, grinding crash and the vessel seemed to convulse. The lantern leaped from its hook, smashed against a crate and went out. Through the infernal din, he heard the natives screaming and, in the blackness, felt the ship heave over on her side.

His instantaneous thought was that they had hit a reef. Then he knew they hadn't. They were a full day's sail west of Ceylon. The water there was five hundred fathoms. That meant the ship was breaking up.

His most valuable possession was the spear-gun. He grabbed it up and struggled towards the Moplah woman. Gripping her under the armpit, he half-carried, half-dragged her towards where he knew the gangway to be.

The natives blundered together in the darkness, screaming and groping for the doorway. A match spurted next to him. There was an instant of wild eyes and gleaming bodies. He pinpointed the gangway. The match went out in the great surge towards it. The next moment, he and the woman were caught up in a crazy, struggling mass. Someone threw himself on to his back and clawed a way up over him. He kept hold of the woman and his one and only gun, and shoved.

Suddenly something gave and they were moving forwards, and there was water knee-deep. It was deluging down from above and there were figures up there against a faint square of sky trying to fight their way up through it, but it was forcing them back. Then the ship rolled and the deluge stopped.

HE got the woman's hand and clamped it on to his belt; heaved himself up the companionway. Someone got hold of the gun and tried to pull him down. The gun was so long it was fouling everything and he nearly let it go. Then suddenly he didn't. It was his livelihood; had come all the way from Genoa. He wrenched it free and struggled up the ladder.

There was someone above him and Mike lifted him clean out on deck, fell on top of him; rolled over and reached back down the hatch for the woman. He got hold of her by the hair and pulled—just as the schooner lurched and a great wave rose behind him. It smashed down, flattening him against the deck. If he hadn't got hold of the woman it would have knocked her off the ladder. Someone screamed. The water dragged at him heavily, drained away. He gasped and opened his eyes.

The deck was slanted right down into the sea; no lights anywhere. The native next to him had disappeared. Another wave crashed down on him like a ton weight, but he had the woman under the arms now and she anchored him.

As it hissed away, he pulled her out on to the deck next to him. More natives stumbled up out of the hatch. He was trying to remember where the lifeboats were. But it had been so quick. The crew wouldn't have had time to launch them. He felt something sticking into his belly: it was the gun with the fins and mask attached to it. He picked it up; looked around for something that would float—anything. There was a lifebelt against the deck-house. He caught the gleam of it in the darkness.

He took the woman's arms and hooked them over the hatch, waited for the ship to roll back, and tried to run along the sloping deck. His

plimsolls slipped. He hit the planking with a smack and began to slide.

Beyond fear, coolly and carefully, he watched for the rail, preparing to check against it with his feet. Its silhouette stood out clearly a foot or two above the foam. Then something crushed down on top of him and he was under water, tons of it, black and heavy and solid. It burned up into his sinuses, filling his brain with stars. Disembodied, it seemed to him, the inmost thinking core of him whirled through chaos, like a light-bulb burning somehow deep down in the earth.

Then the weight seemed to lift and he lifted with it, up and up and up. And then, surprisingly, there was air. He gulped at it; opened his eyes; saw the dark shape of the ship. It was below him. Scared that he would be smashed against it, he began to swim.

He swam with the wind, angling past the wreck. He was lifted and flung like a cork towards the tilted deck. A native was clinging to the rail; he was dashed to within a foot of him; sucked back. He saw the water shine on the man's back; saw him hanging in the sudden vacuum; then the sea heaved up and tore him loose. He didn't see what happened to the man after that. The next moment he was clear of the stern, surrounded by blackness, unable to see or gauge the waves, trying to time his breaths to coincide with when he hit the surface. There was so much water in the air it was almost impossible to tell when he was under and when he wasn't.

Hopelessness welled up in him. He was being swept away from the wreck into the raging blackness of the Indian Ocean. The nearest land was Ceylon, a hundred miles to the east. He knew that no boat had got clear of the ship and that the chances of being picked up were nil. But he made no attempt to fight his way back to the vessel. If he had, he would have been drowned in no time, and instinctively he knew it. He kept right on with the storm—out into the vastness and the darkness.

He struggled in the whirl and plunge of the waters, sobbing for air. Something was dragging him under: it was the spear-gun. The mask and fins strapped to it were cupping the water. But it never occurred to him to drop it. He hugged it to his chest and kept swimming, and a process began in the back of his mind that was suddenly defiance. He was in the sea and he had the gun. It was the same sea—the sea that was his life; the sea that he dived and hunted in every day, all day—whipped up now into a frenzy, but still the same sea. There were jokes in Colombo about him being half fish. Perhaps he was. Well, this was his sea.

THE subconscious idea grew and the storm seemed to change; maybe it was really lessening, he didn't know. But he knew suddenly that he could beat it. He could hang on, and there would be a plane. They would be bound to send out a plane.

A big wave curled over the top of him from behind and buried him in darkness. He didn't fight it; just lay in the water holding his breath. He felt himself falling. He was out of the back of it. He breathed until he felt the lift of the next one, gasped a lungful and, as it broke over him, ripped off his trousers and shoes. In the next wave he got rid of his shirt. He needed all the lightness he could get. He was naked now but for his belt and knife.

With every gasp of air, he began to swallow some. One couldn't swallow much without losing it again; but every little helped. He felt the bubbles form in his stomach like indigestion and fought back the desire to belch them out again.

He wrestled the spear-gun round to the small of his back and clipped the butt-hook on to his belt, so that he had the use of both arms.

He could lie along the surface then. It was like body-surfing, only the waves weren't breaking, they were running. Instead of carrying him with them, they swept by underneath, lifting and dropping him with a feet-to-head movement, so far and so fast he was jarred nearly senseless.

The speed of the sea against the fins and mask drove the harpoon down between his legs and turned him over. He went under and nearly didn't come up.

Mustn't jettison the gun. He pulled round into the wind and faced the sea. The spray was wicked, but the movement was better. The gun streamed out behind him and acted as a rudder.

He stayed that way, with the sea tearing past him, knifing through the wave crests, his mind stopped down to a pinpoint of concentration. *Keep alive. You've got to keep alive,* he thought. Never mind where the wind was taking you. Just keep alive, and wait for the plane to come.

WAVE after wave after wave came—*rush, rush, rush, rush, rush*. The sounds dabbed and cleared his ears monotonously. First, it was the roaring and fading of sea shells; then voices, loud, then soft; then it was anaesthesia, with great whirling lights and the *punch punch* of watery fists in his eyes growing duller and more numb and, as time dragged by, imperceptible, and he could feel nothing and yet he knew it was still going on. There was movement and a sense of flying and sinking but no feeling at all, nothing, and he got scared. He thought he was unconscious—that he was drowning. If only he could see something, he thought, anything, he would be able to tell.

He stared up at the sky blindly; twisted around, raking the darkness. Then behind him he saw a single pale rent in the clouds.

Dawn! Then he *was* conscious. The excitement, the relief! He twisted and began to swim towards it. The spear-gun fouled his legs instantly and he went under.

As he sank down under the waves, something touched him. Despite his numbness, he felt it distinctly against his thigh, scaly and muscular and cold. The shock sobered him. He kicked convulsively to the surface; squeezed himself as close under it as he could, facing back into the wind.

The roughness and solidity had felt like a shark. He braced his muscles to resist the impact he thought must come. He imagined the great shape of it below him, negotiating the heaving water, waiting for a trough. A trough came. He dropped down into it; clenched his teeth, eyes, fists, toes. Waited.

Another wave came. Another trough. Again the tension. Again nothing. He knew he would exhaust himself. He must relax. If it came, it came.

But it didn't come. He relaxed gradually; prayed for light; snatched another look at the east.

The clouds were lifting off the horizon like the curtain of a stage, revealing a long ingot of yellow light. Gradually, the sea became a greyness, then a shaped greyness, then an angry greyness, rolling and vast and lonely, and he wished he had never seen it.

Nothing attacked him and he got a hold on himself. He could handle the waves better now he could see them; could time his breathing. It was no worse than swimming in a monsoon sea, and he had had plenty of that.

He kept watching for a boat or a raft—anything—but in all that endless expanse he was alone. What of the other passengers, the crew? Surely he wasn't the only one?

Then suddenly the wind dropped. It was like deafness. It must have been diminishing for some time and now suddenly there wasn't a breath, only the sea wishing and washing, but no spray and no thunder against his eardrums.

Relief came to him, and hope; and then

He turned his head to glance back at the wave—

something more arrogant—conquest. He had outlived the wind. Then it was back, worse than before—the loneliness. It stretched all around him, grey and endless and utter.

The sun broke the ocean's rim, blazing a trail of weaving fire across the sea. It elongated, drew itself up into the sky, and night slid westwards off the water. The waves marched on him now in pink-gold echelons.

He felt weak and limp, as though all the sap of life had been pounded out of him. Snap out of it, he thought, remembering the shark. Soon the fish would start feeding, and killer-fish got very nasty at feeding time.

He got the gun unclipped and, lying with his face in the water, unstrapped the fins and mask. He got the fins on one at a time, sinking slowly down as he fitted them on to his feet.

HE came up quickly, very quickly, and got the mask and breathing tubes out of the water and peered at them blearily. The glass was intact; so were the twin breathing tubes. The valves, which kept the water out of the tubes when diving, hinged freely. Thank God, he thought. He spat on to the glass to stop it from clouding when he breathed, rinsed it out and pulled it on.

He took a quick look down into the water. He did not know why he was so jumpy. Perhaps it was the storm. There was nothing down there, just a few small shapes in the greyness. There wasn't enough light yet to see deep.

The harpoon was lashed against the barrel

nd his glance changed to a stare of shock. Encased in the wave, as though in green ice, was a shark. Another moment and it would be on top of him

with the steel line. Lying on his face again, but breathing now through the snorkel tubes—interruptedly, because the high sea kept dabbing the valves shut—he unwound the line and got the harpoon into the projector. He wrestled with it for nearly a minute before he managed to compress the heavy double spring. As he floated to the surface and lay there gasping weakly, he knew that that was the last time he would have the strength to do that. One shot—that was all he had.

The undersea dawned slowly beneath him. The rising sun rayed down through the plankton particles in bewildering shifting patterns. He saw numerous fish—all fairly well down and shadowy still. Lord, it was deep! There would be fish out here he didn't know about—predatory giants as different from their reef relations as lions from alley-cats.

The farther the sun got down into the water the more fish he could see. Five—ten—fifteen fathoms. Fish and more fish, the deepest gleaming like sunken coins in the blue-blackness. Even as he watched, the pulse of their actions seemed to quicken. A pack of big blue-fish cut into a shoal of mackerel four fathoms below him. The mackerel raced off in a tight, terrified wedge. It had started.

The whole of the visible undersea seemed to speed up like a film. The fish became no more than streaks of colour in the ice-blue upper fathoms, tracing firework patterns of fear and hunger. Jacks and bonitos were everywhere, sometimes combining to tear with snapping jaws into a big shoal, then turning on each other to fight for the spoils.

The water became filled with little puffs of blood. The smell of it seemed to excite the fish to even greater ferocity and fear. The period lasted normally half an hour and the same again at nightfall. He wished to hell they would stop. Barracuda and sharks went crazy at feeding time, losing all their normal fear of noise and hostile action and behaving much more like their reputation. He kept a look-out all round.

SUDDENLY three six-foot torpedo shapes sped up out of the depths towards him. He barely had time to pull himself together by the time they had veered off and beaten away into the blueness, gunmetal and silver and shaped like gigantic mackerel. Tuna. Hell! he was slow. He realized then what a sitting target he was.

Almost at once, another big shape appeared below him, followed by several more. They moved through the water with a sickening rush, the big one in front working its jaws like a buzz-saw. Bomb-fin pectorals, paper-knife nose. Blue shark!

He didn't have time to stir a muscle. They swept by underneath him, the big one spitting out fragments of fish into the water, which were snapped up by the ones behind. They were gone in an instant and he was just letting go his breath when suddenly they were back.

It was the most evil procession he could ever wish not to see: three pilot fish above and slightly in front, their stripes fairly screaming danger, followed by two fathoms of barrel-like blue muscle and, bringing up the rear, four half-grown versions of the same thing.

They surged by, slamming their jaws about audibly, and disappeared into the mists. He lay in the water and waited; but this time they didn't come back.

He sucked in a deep breath. If a plane didn't hurry up and come soon, he thought. . . . He searched the sky. Nothing. Not even a cloud. The sun burned along the wave tops like running fire, dragged its gleaming fingers through the troughs, burned again.

You, woman! he said to the sea. Not a suspicion, not a hint of what went on below.

Presently the tempo of the underwater slowed down. Breakfast was over. He relaxed, flattened on the surface, beating automatically with his fins, rising and falling steadily, saving his strength. The sun climbed slowly up the sky. He was really tired now—tired and thirsty. All that spray. He estimated he had been in the water for seven hours. During a full day's spearing, he sometimes kept going for eight without touching down. But that was in a calm sea and in sight of land. Land . . . with the elephants ploughing the coconut groves along by the sea. Land!

It must have been eleven when he heard the plane. He hoisted himself as far up in the water as he could and ripped off his mask. He saw it at once—a biplane. It was puttering

Continued on page 29

André Dupeyrat submits to an old Papuan custom —searching for lice. When the searcher finds one—or pretends to—he will eat it with great relish to denote his friendship for its owner

Ivolo Keleto instructs a Bible class. When his tribe was raided by cannibals, he tried to make peace. He died a martyr—riddled with spears

MITSINARI (4) *by André Dupeyrat*

I interrupt a cannibal feast

What I saw at that evil banquet horrified me. Yet, before my journey ended, the memory was effaced by a gift that filled me with hope

GOLOPOUÏ, the cannibal chief who had befriended me, had warned me not to enter the village of his neighbour, Ghrevari. Something mysterious was going on there. Why had the villagers suddenly fled into the bush when he had hailed them from the hilltop to announce that the *mitsinari* —the missionary—was coming to visit them? Golopouï was uneasy. Ordering me to hide, he went after the fleeing villagers with his four warriors.

But I was determined to investigate the mystery myself. It had taken a day's march to reach the village and I was not to be put off meeting its people. Like Golopouï's tribe, they were cannibals and lived in the Kunimaïpa River valley in an almost unexplored region of New Guinea's central mountains. My task as a missionary was to explore this cannibal territory, to study the language and customs of its tribes and so pave the way for a mission station.

As soon as Golopouï had gone, therefore, I decided to scramble down the hill and enter the village myself. When I emerged into the clearing I was greeted by an unpleasant surprise. A number of warriors, their fierce faces painted red and white and their heads decked with cassowary plumes, blocked my path, brandishing spears and yelling war chants. Obviously, they had stayed behind to cover the flight of the rest. But I was hardened by now to this type of threat. I simply carried on walking.

Perhaps hypnotized by my impassive calm—assumed, I must admit—the gallant warriors suddenly broke their ranks and took to their heels. At breakneck speed, their spears trailing in the dust, they vanished into the bush like so many hares. Thus, without raising a finger, I entered the village.

Smoke Rose From The Ovens

It was quite deserted. I looked around. Then I realized why Golopouï had wanted me to hide; why the villagers had appeared so feverishly active when we first saw them from the hilltop. I had arrived right in the middle of a cannibal feast!

The white smoke we had noticed from the hill was still rising from stone ovens, already half-uncovered. Lumps of human flesh, cooked and ready, lay scattered all around. Others were spread out on the hot stones, among leaves and vegetables, still hot and smoking.

The procedure for cooking human flesh was simple enough. While the men were cutting up the bodies of their victims, the women lit log fires on which they laid large flat stones kept specially for the purpose, and waited until they had reached white heat. Others prepared the pit which served as an oven. This pit was about three feet deep, nine feet long, and two wide. Taros, yams, sweet potatoes and various other vegetables had already been brought in from the gardens, together with armfuls of the huge leaves of the breadfruit and wild banana trees.

When the body had been dismembered, the women, armed with long wooden tongs, took up the white-hot stones from the fires and placed them flat at the bottom of the pit. The men, uttering cries as if possessed, then threw the pieces of flesh and vegetables on to this glowing hot surface. Instead of salt, a little ash was scattered over the heap, and the whole was covered with a thick layer of leaves. After that came another layer of stones, with another layer of meat and vegetables, then another layer of leaves, and so on until the pit oven was full. The entire surface of the pit was then covered with a huge pile of leaves and branches, so that the contents would be slowly cooked to a turn.

Warriors Danced And Sang

The cooking usually took two or three hours. During this time, the warriors danced and sang. When the food was cooked, they stopped dancing, but their clamour did not cease. Shouting like madmen, they kicked away the leaves and picked out with tongs the portions of flesh, which they laid out on leaf plates. In spite of the frenzy, each portion was carefully calculated according to the person's rank and importance. The women busied themselves with the vegetables, which they added to the helpings of meat, and with retrieving the stones, which were then stacked away for the next occasion.

The portions had meanwhile been arranged in two parallel rows. A silence fell while the chief slowly passed along the rows of food, watched by the eager crowd. In front of each portion, he halted, stamped, mimed an attack and a victory, bellowed a few well-chosen words concerning the valour of the clan, then called out the name of the man who was to receive that particular portion. The man snatched up his share as if afraid that someone else would steal it, raced round the clearing a couple of times, pirouetted, leaped in the air, uttered a loud cry, and finally disappeared into his hut to devour the horrible spoils.

Continuing my macabre inspection, I noticed bamboo tubes being heated over ordinary fires all round the main cooking oven. Some of the

Kunimaipa warriors cook a pig and vegetables in an oven pit heated by white-hot stones at the bottom. In this way they once cooked human flesh

tubes had burst, and through the cracks oozed a mixture of fat, which sizzled on the embers, and small fragments of flesh were slowly reduced to cinders. This was another recognized method of cooking human flesh, and which I had seen used elsewhere for cooking animals.

The women took a length of bamboo, cut off between two knots and thus sealed at each end. The partition at one end was punctured with a hole large enough to allow the insertion of pieces of meat, which the women tore and shredded with their nails and teeth until reduced to fragments. These were squeezed in and packed down with a short stick. Sometimes diced-up vegetables were added. When full, the tube was carefully sealed and placed on the embers. When it burst, the food was ready to be eaten.

There was one further sight which made me feel sick to look at it: a human head. As far as I could tell, it was the head of a young girl, probably not more than ten years old. It had been thrown down in the dust. I picked it up. The crown had been perforated with a fairly large hole. I could see that the brain had been extracted. Someone had sucked it out, as one sucks a fresh egg.

Dared Not Act Too Sternly

For a moment, I stood horror-struck, wondering what to do with these man-eaters who had taken to their heels in such a panic. But what, in fact, could I do? They would certainly return sooner or later. Should I simply depart, and allow events to take their course? That was out of the question. It was clearly my duty to turn this horrifying encounter to advantage, and try to drive at least a few notions of civilization into these wretched people.

But it was even more out of the question to remain and watch as the feast proceeded. They would take my presence as a sign of tacit approval. Yet I well knew that if I acted too sternly the villagers might easily turn against me. It would have been no trouble to them to strike me down and add my carcass to the bill of fare.

At this point I heard Golopouï shout: "*Mitsinari,* where are you?"

"You know very well where I am," I replied. "Here, in the village. Come, but come alone."

"These People Are Like Dogs"

Two minutes later, he appeared, throwing embarrassed glances to left and to right. "I had my reasons for asking you to stay away from the village," he said. "But your heart told you to come. I understand. But now your heart is sick, for you have seen. . . ." He indicated the scattered remains with a sweeping gesture. Then he added: "These people are like dogs. I am ashamed to call them friends."

That, I thought, was rich! Only six months before, Golopouï himself had held a cannibal banquet in his own village. I knew this because he had told me of it, quite artlessly, at the beginning of our friendly association. And yet, in speaking as he did, he was perfectly sincere.

I thought for a moment, then said: "Go and fetch the chief, Ghrevari. Tell him to come without warriors and weapons."

I did not have to wait long. Soon, Ghrevari appeared, followed by three older men with greying beards. "Ghrevari," I said solemnly, "I look at you, and I speak your name."

Hearing the native mode of greeting, Ghrevari smiled and held out his hand. This gesture must have been enjoined upon him for my sake by Golopouï, for the local ways of greeting a friend were too embarrassing.

So I shook his hand, that hand which only the day before had committed murder and that very day had cut the victims up as a butcher cuts up a sheep.

Then, moved by the same impulse, we headed for the communal hut. When we were all seated, and after the long initial silence required by native etiquette, the palaver began. "Ghrevari," I said, "my heart is heavy because of your wicked ways. You kill men, and you eat them. You say it is to carry on the traditions of your forefathers, and to appease their spirits. But your forefathers were wrong. I am the messenger of the Spirit of all spirits. The Great Spirit whose village is up there."

I pointed to the sky, paused, then continued my sermon in such a way that the words might strike home to their primitive minds.

"The Chief of chiefs, of men, and of spirits, has commanded me to tell you that it is forbidden to kill one's neighbour, and that if a man dies, you must respect his body. . . . You will therefore immediately call three or four of your warriors and order them to gather up all these pieces of flesh, the bones and the skulls, and wrap them up in leaves and bury them in the forest. I have spoken."

The Banquet Would Go On

I had no illusions on the matter. I knew that, even if my orders were carried out, as soon as I had departed the remains would be dug up again and the feast continued. But at least I would have given proof of authority and a clear statement of my views, which would subsequently be discussed for months and would end by making some impression on these primitive mentalities. The villagers, meanwhile, would at least have made a gesture of goodwill.

Suddenly, Ghrevari came to a decision. "Humhrr. . . ." he began. "My friend Golopouï has told me that we must obey your word. He and I have the same customs. He

has given up those which you have condemned as bad. I will do the same. We will give up killing and eating people. But let us at least eat those that are already cooked. . . . ."

"No, Ghrevari. . . . It is the command of the Great Spirit."

Another uneasy silence. At length, Ghrevari stood up and, turning to his warriors, he shouted: "Hey! What are you people doing there? Your backsides will grow roots in the ground if you sit there so long doing nothing. Come here, you, you and you. . . ."

He named five or six men, and continued his discourse: "He who sits on my right, and whose skin is white, comes from the regions where the sky meets the earth. The Great Spirit has sent him to order us to bury these little pieces of pig that we were just going to eat. . . . Word of truth! Therefore, we must go and bury them. It is my command."

"Word of truth!" echoed Golopouï, looking me straight in the eye. What he meant was: "Let it go at that." It was a wise counsel.

The warriors then gathered up the pitiful remains, wrapped them in leaves, and set off into the forest. They were actually singing. It was impossible to foretell the reactions of these overgrown children of nature.

Surprise Awakening

Night was falling. I felt tired and rather flat. So, refusing food that was offered, I wrapped myself up in my blanket in one corner of the communal hut and immediately fell asleep.

I slept fitfully. The smoke from the fire, the bugs, the groans of the sleepers rolling beside me, my own nagging fears—all combined to disturb my rest. At one point, I stretched out one arm, instinctively seeking a little freshness. My hand encountered some object—something hard, round and smooth, and cold. It was an agreeable sensation. In my half-sleep I drew the object towards me, and held it against my cheek. Almost at once I fell into sound sleep.

Next morning, I awoke to find a skull pressed close to my face. All around, the natives were gazing down at me with a mixture of respect and uneasiness. Golopouï was smiling.

"This skull," said Ghrevari, "belonged to the greatest man who ever lived. His name was Dzaboutai. He was chief of a tribe with whom we were at war. He killed many of our men, and kept himself strong by eating their livers. But we were stronger still. We had sworn to have his head.

"Finally, one day, we caught him on his own, and shot him down with many arrows. With this same hand, I cut off his head while he was still alive. I gave my two elder sons his eyes to eat. To my warriors, I gave the heart, the liver and the entrails, so that they should become fearless. I keep his skull in honour, for his valour has entered into me. . . ."

He stopped short, realizing that he had said too much. "Those were our customs in the old days. But now that you have come and given us your message, all is changed. . . ."

He looked at me for a moment, then continued more hesitatingly: "But you, too, are a strong man and a chief, since our arrows and our spears were not sent against you, and since the skull of Dzaboutai came into your arms while you slept. You tell us not to eat men any more, and we have agreed. But what about you? How many men have you eaten? How many skulls do you keep in your hut? . . ."

Bearing Of A Chief

The reaction of this typical pagan chief gives some idea of the enormous difficulties which the missionary has to face in his work. Yet his task is not so fruitless as it may first appear. I have in mind the story of the martyrdom of Ivolo Keleto.

When I met Ivolo Keleto for the first time, he had just been baptized. He was then a handsome young man of twenty-five, with a fine physique. He had a bronzed, powerful chest that stood out like the breastplate of a suit of armour, and his bearing was full of natural dignity.

Ivolo came from a line of chiefs. He lived in the village of Koné, on the saddle of a lofty mountain ridge dividing the Fuyughé and Tawadé countries. But while the Fuyughés were then on the point of being completely converted, the Tawadés were still sunk in all the horrors of paganism.

The people of Koné, although they belonged to the Fuyughé tribes, maintained close relations with their Tawadé neighbours because of their position. For that reason, they still shared the savage customs of their friends when these customs had almost vanished from the rest of the Fuyughé territory.

Ivolo had shown himself to be a dauntless warrior. His strength, his skill in handling the long war spear and the great black bow of ironwood, his intelligence and audacity, had won him renown. At twenty-five, he proudly exhibited a cord in which thirty knots had been tied, so that all could see how many men he had killed.

When, in 1927, Father Norin and Father Bachelier came to Koné, during one of their long apostolic journeys through the territory, Ivolo watched their least gesture, weighed every word they uttered, and did not miss a single one of the instruction periods and ceremonies. After that visit, people noticed that he had changed. He no longer showed the same enthusiasm for the old customs which the missionaries had denounced.

Then came the day when Koné was faced with an insoluble dilemma, and Ivolo was among the chiefs and elders called to a special council to discuss it.

The leading chief of a nearby Tawadé village had sent six of his men to carry a royal present to the people of Koné as a sign of his friendship. The present consisted of human thighs, smoked and ready to be eaten.

In former days, such a present would have been the signal for great joy in the village. Now, however, everything had changed. Koné was coming into the Christian fold.

"If we eat this flesh," said one old chief, "we are committing a mortal sin. Therefore, we will become enemies of our Father, God, and when we die we will go to hell. . . ."

"And if we do not eat it," retorted a younger man, "the Tawadés will take our refusal for a grave insult and a breaking-off of our alliance. They will take up arms, and will kill us all."

The debate raged for a long time. What were they to do? Become enemies of God and risk hell, or enemies of the Tawadés and risk being massacred? Perhaps, someone suggested, they could accept the gifts and bury them. That, too, was impossible. The Tawadé emissaries were there, waiting to take part in the feast.

Suddenly, someone thought of a solution. "The missionaries told us that the little children, who do not know what they are doing, do not commit sins. Therefore, let the Tawadés give their present to our children. They will be content. For they will see that we are depriving ourselves of something which they consider excellent, so that, through them, our children shall become strong.

"We can give the rest to our pigs, by explaining that we want to see them big and fat as well. Then, as a friendly gesture, we can kill a pig and give it to the Tawadés to take back with them. There, they will sing our praises, and our Father, God, will not be angry."

The whole council approved the plan, including Ivolo. It was put into execution, and the Tawadés returned home delighted. But Ivolo was not quite happy about the council's reasoning. Discussions started up once more, and it was decided that a delegation would leave at once to get a ruling on the matter from the missionary. Ivolo was to be the spokesman.

"Father, Baptize Me"

Two days later, he plunged the missionary into considerable embarrassment when he explained the problem. But the missionary was overjoyed when Ivolo added: "Father, baptize me. My heart has been longing for the baptism for so many moons. I want to be a child of God."

A year later, he was baptized as Ivolo Keleto. He was not content, however, to be merely a good Christian. He begged to be allowed to become a "Kis" (catechist), not only to teach his own people but above all so that he could carry the holy word to the Tawadés. His request was gladly granted.

Unfortunately, he was not able to remain for long at Koné. For extremely complicated family reasons, he was obliged to take up residence among his mother's tribe, the Woïtapé. There, he became the head "Kis."

The Woïtapé were a tribe of the Ononghé district, administered by an amazing missionary, Father Dubuy. It lay at the foot of the central mountain range, and to reach the mission at Ononghé itself one had to climb to a height of six thousand feet, along a mountain track that Father Dubuy had cut with picks and dynamite.

Twelve years after the episode of the human thighs, I had to make a journey to Ononghé. On arriving at the mission, I had scarcely had time to shake hands with Father Dubuy, when he led me to see a man who lay dying. My heart missed a beat. It was Ivolo Keleto.

Some of the Woïtapé men had brought him to the mission two days earlier, in a lamentable state. Blood-stained dressings swathed his neck, chest and back, his left thigh and part of his right leg. For the time being, he seemed to be unconscious.

He Forbade Revenge

Bending nearer, I spoke softly in his ear a few words in the Fuyughé language. At once his haggard eyes opened.

I smiled at him. "It is your Father—don't you recognize me?"

He stared up at me intently. Then he seized my hand. A faint smile played over his lips, from which came a small trickle of blood.

"I am going to die," he whispered. "Tell all the other 'Kis' down below that it was the Tawadés who killed me. They struck me, and I am going to die."

He stopped, exhausted; then sighed, and went on: "You know our customs. When my people hear of my death, they will weep, and then they will take up arms to avenge me. I do not want that. Go, and tell them that the last words of their chief, the 'Kis' Keleto, were these: 'I forbid any revenge. I forgive everything. . . . Let them pray for my soul, and let them all be children of our Father, God. . . .'"

He had propped himself up on one elbow, in his blood-stained bandages. But now he fell back and sank into a sort of coma. He had received Extreme Unction the previous evening. I

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MRS. CARLTON bred budgerigars and finches in an aviary in her garden. She won show prizes with her birds and made a good profit from sales.

Her neighbour, Mr. Leader, objected to the aviary standing beside the fence that divided their gardens. He complained that it had an unpleasant smell.

During the mating season one year, Leader made a habit of firing his shotgun and banging tins very close to the fence. He did this at all hours of the day and night, with the result that many of Mrs. Carlton's birds were so disturbed that they destroyed their eggs.

Only a handful of chicks hatched out, and Mrs. Carlton had an unprofitable season, also losing considerable prize money. Her complaints to Leader had no effect, so she sued him.

In his defence, Leader told the judge that he lived near open country and that he was simply trying to keep foxes and destructive wild birds away from his garden.

"Surely I can protect my own property," he said. "Anyway, a man is allowed to make as much noise as he wishes on his land, provided it doesn't become a public nuisance."

Mrs. Carlton replied by proving that this was the first year that Leader had made such noises. She also showed that there were few destructive wild birds in the neighbourhood, and no foxes.

"Leader knew that my birds were nesting," Mrs. Carlton said in court. "It is obvious that he intended to harm them. Even if he does it in his own garden, he is not free to cause such a noise deliberately, knowing the effect it may have on his neighbour's property."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

Change the tune

THE whole family will sing with delight when they know these delicious Corn Flakes dishes are on the menu!

There's just nothing so tempting and tasty as crisp, golden-toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

You've enjoyed them for breakfast—now try them for round-the-clock snacks. But take heed—everyone will clamour for *more* of these easily-made goodies.

CORNFLAKES MARSHMALLOWS *Cook together over hot water:* ¼ *cup butter or margarine.* ½ *lb. marshmallows (about* 2½ *doz.). When syrupy, add and beat in:* ¼ *teasp. vanilla. Into greased large bowl pour* 5 *oz. of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.* Add marshmallow mixture and mix well. Press mixture into greased shallow pan. Cool. Cut in squares.

CORNFLAKES HONEY (No cooking required) *4 tablespoonfuls Kellogg's Corn Flakes. 4 apples (grated). 3 tablespoonfuls nuts (grated or chopped). 3 tablespoonfuls clear honey.*

Mix apples, Corn Flakes, and grated nuts together. Stir in honey until mixture is stiff. Serve in fruit dishes.

CHEESE FLAKES (No cooking required) Form cream cheese or cottage cheese into balls. Roll in Kellogg's Corn Flakes . . . Serve with green salad.

Everything goes with HP SAUCE

gave him a benediction, and went out.

It was then that Father Dubuy told me the story of his martyrdom.

Some fifteen years earlier, government patrols were carrying out a campaign against the Woïtapé tribe, who were still unsubjugated. To meet the threat the Woïtapé called on a tribe of Tawadés at Sopou, who were their friends and allies, to aid them. The Tawadé warriors arrived, but the white men had the greater force on their side. They were compelled to submit. The Tawadés, however, did not return home. To reward them, the Woïtapés had ceded to them the use of several vegetable plots, so that they could grow their own food. And there they settled down.

Later, the Woïtapés, converted by Father Dubuy, became Christians. They began to feel that their former allies were an encumbrance: and they could not bring themselves to hand over permanently the lands which they had originally merely lent to them. Their proximity gave rise to much friction.

Leaped To Their Spears

Thus it was that—four days earlier—an excited band of armed Tawadés had burst into the Woïtapé village in which the catechist Ivolo Keleto lived. Hurling insults and brandishing their spears, they accused the inhabitants of having stolen and killed several of their pigs, and threatened that if they received no payment, they would massacre the entire village.

The Woïtapés, who were innocent, grew angry. They were a hot-blooded tribe. At once, the young warriors leaped to their spears. At that point Ivolo Keleto advanced towards the frenzied Tawadés, demanding that they listen to the words of peace.

Immediately, the Tawadés had seized him, and while one stout warrior pinioned his arms behind his back, another, stepping back a couple of paces, drove a spear full into his face. It entered by the mouth, breaking the teeth, and emerging at the back of the neck. Another spear transfixed his left thigh, another his right leg. A blow from an axe cut a deep gash in his back. He fell; and around him, a furious battle began between the villagers and the Tawadés.

There were, however, no other deaths. Ivolo Keleto was the only victim.

On the morning of my departure from Ononghé, the former savage, the former war leader who had gloried in killing and had eaten human flesh, but had become a Christian, an apostle and martyr, went to offer a fine red garland to "his Father, God," so that the "Peace of Jesus" might indeed reign. . . .

To Guide The Pioneers

We left Ghrevari at dawn on the following day. That same night we were back at Golopouï's village.

On the way, I had come to a decision. For a preliminary contact, my stay in these parts had lasted long enough. I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to provide the basis for a dictionary and a grammar to guide the first missionaries to whom would fall the honour of spreading the Gospel through this beautiful country. I had made friends with a number of the natives, particularly with Golopouï, on whose co-operation I was depending for the establishment of a first mission station.

Finally, I had been witness, directly or indirectly, to so much horror, wretchedness and ignorance, that it was imperative that I should return to Yule to make a full report to the bishop.

The day after our return, I told Golopouï of my decision. He was filled with consternation. "Stay," he begged me. "You have become one of us. If you were a man like any other, I would give you one of my daughters—even two, if you liked. You would have children. You would be a great chief over us all. . . ."

While discoursing in this fashion, Golopouï had been foraging in my hair. He would pretend to find a louse, roll the insect between thumb and finger, place it on his tongue, and go through the pantomime of crunching it up with those sucking sounds by which the Papuans denote the pleasure of eating a particularly succulent morsel.

In doing this, he was paying me a singular courtesy, for this custom was a token of great friendship. Certainly, he must secretly have deplored the fact that I had no inhabitants in my hair, but he did not wish to humiliate me by openly demonstrating this indigence. For my part, I was only too convinced that Golopouï's fuzzy hair would provide a rich hunting ground to venture to return the compliment. So I merely gave him a beatific smile.

"I shall come back, Golopouï. And if not I myself, then someone very like me: a *mitsinari*, perhaps even two or three. You must welcome them and look after them, and teach them your language and customs. They will teach you the words and ways of the Great Spirit. And you will become an even greater man. . . ."

Two days later, at dawn, I was ready to leave. All the villagers were lined up in two ranks. I walked slowly down the line, shaking each one by the hand and saying his name. The air was full of their lamentations. The women wept, uttering shrill ululations, and the children hung on to my arms.

Nevertheless, one man, the principal character, was absent from this touching demonstration: Golopouï. "Where is your chief?" I asked.

No one spoke. Had he departed on some visit without saying farewell? I felt deeply grieved at the idea. Yet he must have given orders before leaving, for five strong young men volunteered to see me on my way and carry my slender packs.

In Full Battle Array

At length the farewells were over. My five bearers led the way and we plunged down towards the torrent. We crossed over the stream. On the other side lay a flat stretch of ground which we were to follow for some distance. I noticed at this point that my five bearers were beginning to lag behind. I did not, however, pay much attention to this, sunk deep as I was in reflections about these primitive people, so fierce and so tender, so impulsive and so cunning, so despicable and yet so worthy to be loved.

Suddenly, I gave a start, and stopped dead. Behind me there came the sound of running feet, accompanied by a wild war cry. I spun round.

Golopouï had just emerged in full battle array at the turn of the river bank. He came racing towards me with fantastic leaps, brandishing his spear and making it quiver at the end of his outstretched arm. Behind him, the five bearers, now armed to the teeth, also came leaping forward.

My heart missed a beat, less from fear than from a terrible feeling of disillusionment. Could Golopouï, who was my friend, have set an ambush for me? I opened my arms to receive the blow, without even attempting to defend myself, I was so stunned.

Instead, it was Golopouï himself whom I caught in my arms. He had thrown aside his spear, and was clinging to me with desperation. His arms round my neck, he began to weep.

"Golopouï, my friend," I murmured. Without hesitation, I rubbed my nose against his. It may sound foolish, but I admit that I was almost in tears.

When we had had time to calm down, he told me the reason for his strange conduct. "I could not bear

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 26, the judge said that a person cannot deliberately make noises on his property, either with the intention of causing damage to his neighbour, or with utter indifference as to whether he causes damage or not. It was clear that Leader intended to interfere with Mrs. Carlton's birds; she won her case and Leader had to pay her damages. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"Do you think he would like us to move, dear?"

to see you leave my village. So this morning, at pigs' dawn, I went out to wait for you in the forest. The spirits of my ancestors saw my sorrow. The only way to appease them and to calm myself was to do a war dance. . . ."

Still greatly moved, he stopped and, taking hold of his youngest son, who had appeared at his side, he thrust him towards me. "I give him to you," he said. "He is the one I love most. Take him with you. Teach him, make of him a man after your own heart. And when that is done, bring him back to me. He will be the light of my old age. . . ."

I offered up a silent prayer of gratitude. Golopouï's son was about twelve years old and he had a lively intelligence. I already knew him well, and I had christened him Johanné.

"Would you like to come with me, Johanné?"

He slipped one arm round my waist and the other round his father's. "You, too, are my father," he said. "If he allows me to go with you, my heart will be sad to leave him, but it will also be glad because I shall be going with you. . . ."

"He is our son," I said to Golopouï, "he belongs to both of us." And I pressed them both in my arms. I realize that, viewed at this distance, the scene must have appeared highly ridiculous.

But, after all, here was a savage, a primitive being, who in his friendship showed a delicacy of which few "civilized" men would have been capable. And here, too, was his son, who showed me the most filial affection, and the most unfaltering trust. Trained in our schools, he would return to be an example to his own people, to guide them and teach them.

The Chief's Farewell

I will always remember Golopouï when at last we had to make our final farewells. For several hours, he accompanied us, until we reached a high terrace which overlooked the next valley we had to cross. For a long time, we saw his figure silhouetted against the horizon. He stood stock still, as if frozen in his grief. Even when we reached the opposite ridge, he was still there, a tiny black dot against the darkening skyline.

Then I heard his voice—a voice which seemed to mount from the depths of an abyss, or across the great chasm of the ages.

"What is he saying?" I asked Johanné.

The child looked up at me with moist eyes, and clutched my hand. Then, in a voice as muffled as his father's, he murmured: "He says: *'Mitsinari*, come back! . . .'" THE END

"Mitsinari" by André Dupeyrat will be published on August 23 as a book by Staples Press at 15s.

THE HUNGRY FATHOMS

Continued from page 23

over the sea about a mile to the north, with its tail well down, obviously on the look-out for something. He waved his mask frantically; shouted and splashed about in the water, but it kept going steadily and eventually disappeared over the western horizon.

"It'll be back, he thought wildly. It's looking for the wreck. It's got to be back! His heart began to thump and a great deadness to spread outwards from his diaphragm into his limbs, making them feel like lumps of concrete.

The uncaring waves lifted and dropped him. From the crest of each he craned towards the horizon, open-mouthed the better to hear the engine.

An extra big wave heaved up. He turned his head and glanced at it, gauging it automatically; stared at it shocked. Encased in it, as though in green ice, was a shark. It was above him, drifting sideways in the wave, its dorsal lazily breaking the crest.

A moment and it would be on top of him. He threshed about with his fins to scare it, and dived.

The creature had gone. He twisted round under the water. It was behind him.

It was a brown-shark, seven or eight feet long. It had seen him all right, seemed idly curious. It was relaxed in the water, rising and falling in the same rhythm as himself. With a careless flick of its plough-handle tail, it nosed to within half a dozen feet of him.

He had one idea in mind—that was to get rid of it. Spreading his arms and legs, he hooted into the mask.

INSTANTLY, the shark's langour left it. With a bewilderingly swift movement, it turned and hung there in the water, staring at him with its cat-like eyes.

He cursed. These pelagic sharks weren't like the reef ones. That would have been enough even for a blackfin. He inclined one ear out of the water and listened for the plane.

It was coming! Its retarded clatter reached him clearly over the waves. He took another look at the shark. Dare he ignore it?

The shark made a movement. My God, he thought, not now. It can't come at me now!

But that was just what it did. There was only one thing to do. He headed straight for it. Desperation lent him strength.

Nothing had ever done that to the creature before. It checked its advance with its pectorals uncertainly. When he was a dozen feet away from it, he blew a burst of bubbles at it through his snorkel tubes.

The big body jack-knifed, brown and white, turned and fled, thudding the water with its tail.

He hit the surface and snatched off the mask all in one movement. The roar of the plane spanked his ears like a thunder-clap. It was right overhead.

He tried to shout but he hadn't any air. He gasped to fill his lungs, took in some water, choked, struggled to get his breath.

The blind belly of the plane passed over him. It was an old Gladiator; fixed undercarriage; no observation bubble. He managed to get the gun up and wagged the duralumin in the sunlight, but the plane just pulled away steadily across the waves. He made a noise at last. Something between a gasp and a scream. It just had to see him! Weird sounds dragged from his throat as he watched the machine diminish, dip down behind the waves, heard the engine grow fainter, fainter, merge with the rush of the sea.

He was alone. He subsided, exhausted, into the waves, lay there weak and uncaring, letting the water drain into his parted mouth, close over him, green and deliberate and undeniable.

Oh, God, he thought, oh, God. Oh, God, oh, God.

• • •

The sun had swung over behind him, was sinking slowly towards the sea. He had been swimming since the morning, weakly but steadily. After the plane, he had lain in the water a while; then

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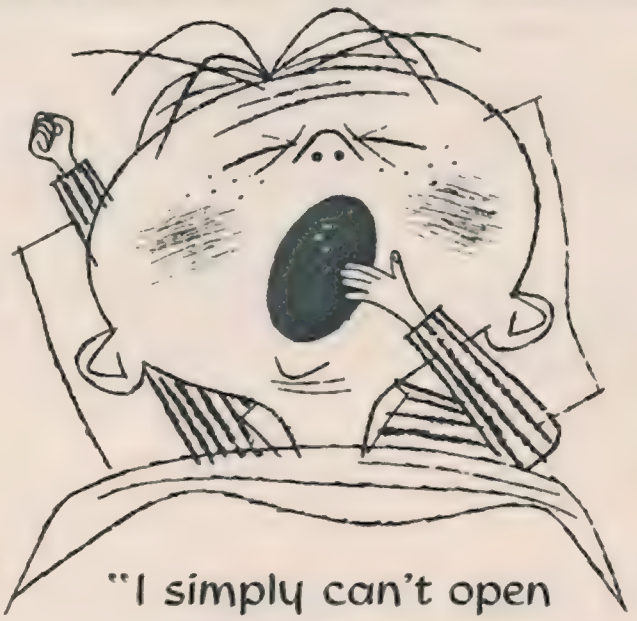

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some inward strength had got hold of him, turned him towards the eastern horizon and forced his limbs to move.

Everything that was logical in him resisted. If another plane or a ship came, it came; swimming wouldn't help him. And if it didn't come, the sharks would. Land, allowing the maximum for drift, was about seventy miles away and he had never swum more than twenty in his life.

But the thing in him did not listen. It only knew that there was land over there below the eastern rim, solid and sweet-smelling and green, and that here there was only death. It drew him onward through the water—hopelessly.

His thighs were tightening and he had fin-chafe across the insteps of both feet. When they began to bleed the sharks would pick up his trail, and yet he kept on, rolling his head up sideways now and then to look along the sea and at the sky. They were clear and empty and endless and the light was glorious. Lord, but he felt small in so much emptiness.

His mouth, his throat right down to his stomach, were puckered dry with brine. There wasn't a bead of moisture left in him. Heading for land! He was as crazy as a loon. He wouldn't last the day.

The little fish came and went like Hallowe'en masks, appearing suddenly an inch from his face, peering at him goggle-eyed, then darting away. All day it had been the same and he had let them come, grateful for their company.

Now, suddenly, he shortened the gun in his hand; jabbed at one with the protruding spear; transfixed it. He trapped its fin movements with his fingers, glancing round instinctively. Experience had taught him that often when you speared a fish, shark jumped you so fast you thought they'd been fired at you—drawn by the sound of finny panic in the water.

He waited. Nothing happened. Without any conscious reasoning, he turned on his back and wrenched the fish off the barb, pushed back the mask and squeezed the lymphatic juices from its wound into his mouth. They were rank and oily and mingled with blood, but they were free from salt.

When he had squeezed the fish dry, he threw it as far from him as possible and spiked another. He caught six; then, using his knife, cut the last one, a bream, into strips and ate it raw.

He felt strange and defiant, and when he sprawled back under the water there was no nausea but a sort of amazement. He would get stronger; could keep alive for days like this. Then logic reasserted itself. Not without sleep, it said. You couldn't keep going without sleep. His eyelids felt heavy at the thought of it.

Sleep. His legs stopped beating. Sleep. The water was soft and warm. The movement of the waves had subsided to a soothing rhythm. His head sank.

Suddenly his eyes flicked open and he was staring along the underglow of his own stomach. A yard from his legs was the flattened bluish head of a shark.

He slapped the water with both fins and got himself round somehow. The solid body flicked sideways and circled lazily around him. It was more than twice his length.

Then somehow there was another, rock-steady in the water and coming towards him.

He knew he couldn't fight them. He hadn't the strength. They circled around him like big smooth Rolls-Royces, puzzled by his reluctance to escape.

Still he watched them, heavy-eyed; watched a third come—smaller, this one, with a newt-like head and dappled like a newt. A tiger shark.

There was always the gun. It was his ace, he thought, admitting to himself now what had been at the back of his mind all along. He would put it under his chin and squeeze down the trigger with his bare heels.

Now, he thought, before it's too late. The deliberate circles were tightening steadily. He lay in the water wondering vaguely why he didn't act. There seemed to be five of them now. Then six.

The undersea was darkening fast. Feeding time, he thought. They would go crazy and it would be too late to do

anything. But still he lay in the water. Deep down in him there was something that refused to die.

Then he was panning the gun carefully, aiming at the tiger, centring on one eye. And he knew why; it was half-grown and softer-skinned than the others and he had to cripple it. It came in close. A wave of dizziness came over him. He fought it off. At seven feet he let the tiger have it.

There was the sound of slithering steel and a blur and a jolt. The gun leaped out of his hand and he was gasping air through the snorkel while the shark spun round in a tight, right-handed circle. It tore on round and round like a catherine-wheel, and he knew he'd got it right in the eye.

The other sharks froze in the water, surprised; hung there. Then all five of them hit the tiger together, rending and snapping crazily. A big cloud of blood spread in the water, almost obscuring them.

He dragged himself away from the scene and swam until he couldn't go another stroke. It was easier without the gun. Then he lay out in the water, panting so hard that the mask sucked in against his face with every breath. He lay there blindly, thoughts burning and dying uncontrollably in his mind.

But nothing came after him.

THERE was no moon. The water heaved in the sultry darkness, glimmering with phosphorescence. Stars drifted above and below him. He seemed to be beating slowly through space. Darkness engulfed him; then schizopod shrimps would rise like lonely suns, thicken into constellations and drift away, and brilliant dusts form on the undertide, condense and flood the sea with protozoic flame. Leprous and white, he watched his hands grope through the fiery sea. Then darkness, blacker than before.

He would lift his head with an effort into the cooler air, check with the dimmer stars for east, and hear the immeasurable sigh of the ocean. Sometimes across the waves he heard, like a gun, the sound of manta hitting the sea and knew that somewhere great thirty-foot bodies were rushing together, leaping high into the air, pressed wing-tip to wing-tip in their mating dance.

The Pleiades swung and the waters gleamed and died and once something vast and unspeakable rose like a city in the waves. He heard the water draining from its sides and saw its darkness blotting out the sea. It made a sound; something between a hiss and a moan; and presently it slid back into the depths. He heard the water sucking down behind it long after it had gone.

Another sun. A burning eye set level with the sea. And still his legs were moving—just—and east was where the stars had left it. Now, he thought, the sharks will come, and he saw them as liberators only, who would free him from the instinct that tortured him on.

Again the underdawn. And nothing came. Nothing but jellies, coloured like sunset on ice, filling the sea with their tilted, opening-and-closing parasols. And the dolphins. With a glint of gold and greeny-blue, they skidded into him and turned him over. They were under him and over him and round him and away, kicking up the water in bursts of saline fire. And there was blood in the sea where the tuna caught the dorados, and the flash of silver bellies in the waves. And still nothing came.

He caught a fish in the hands and ate it. He couldn't see the sense in it but he couldn't stop himself, and still his legs were moving.

And then one came. It came up behind him in the molten-metal sea, cutting through the water like the keel of a sailing ship upside down. He waited for it but it wouldn't come in, just sniffed at his fins and took a wide turn around him. He wanted it to come in, but it wouldn't. Yesterday he had wanted to live; but now he didn't care. If he could have slept he would have been all right; but, not being able to sleep, he wanted to get it over.

So he kept on, and when he looked

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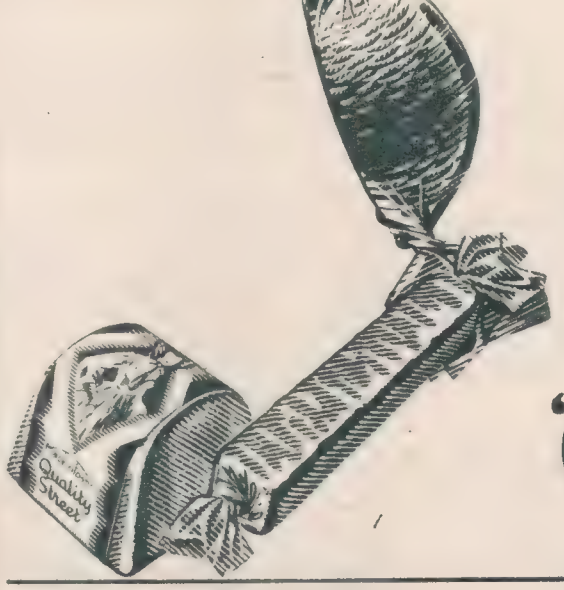

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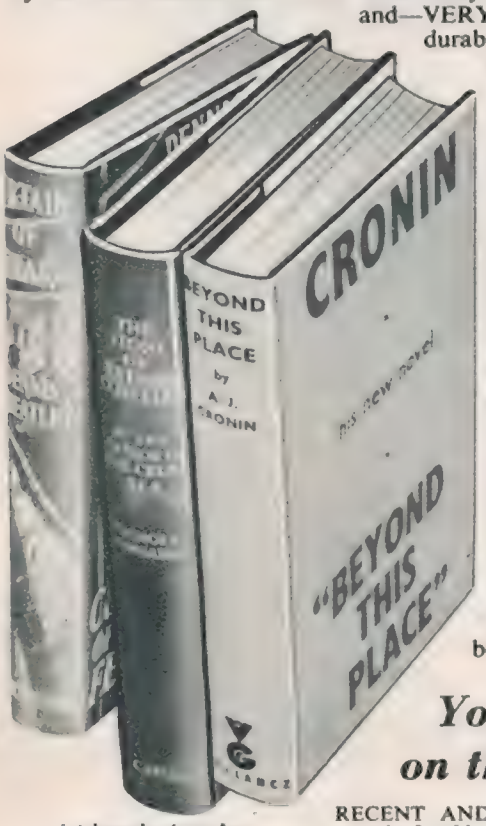

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"I wondered why you didn't return my extension ladder"

round the shark had gone. The sun burned on down the sea which became like watersilk, very glossy and silent, and the sound he made blowing through the snorkel seemed to grow very loud, like the roaring of an express train. He relaxed into a kind of dream in which all his past life was mingled.

Then the sun drowned in a sea of blood and he was alone in the dusk with night like a lantern slide moving up in the sky.

This was his last night, he thought. Tonight he would die. And there was nothing left in him to regret with or to pray with, nothing but this dark instinct driving him on with limbs he could no longer feel.

At last they came. They came with the departing light, like slim blades in the sea. There was nothing to stop them but they came on carefully, avoiding his fire-trail in the darkening water. His eyes closed. It was getting late.

The sunset's imprisoned image burned dimly in his fore-brain, like a candle guttering low, and sounds grew enormous in the water. For an instant he heard the whisper of his own fins and, behind them, the shudder of tails—like someone scrubbing the deadened bass notes of a harp with finger-nails. The tempo increased. Now, he thought. At last! The water shook against him, beat on his ear-drums, diminished and was still.

His lids flickered uncomprehendingly. Below, in the irridescence, fish-trails sparkled through the water like a million shooting-stars. They streaked ahead of him and were gone; then more, in gleaming panic, raced by. Then more and more.

THERE was thunder in the sea; but he didn't hear it. He slept. And as he slept he seemed to dream that the waters were boiling around him with phosphorescent light; that he was lifted and flung, buffeted by tails, flung again; that in the luminosity he saw the ocean packed solid with gleaming backs, heard their panting and heaving; then he was down under the water and the migrating false-killer whales were above him, lit by the phosphorescence, belly upon belly, rank upon rank.

Then somehow there was air and the water eddied and gleamed and the turmoil rumbled away across the sea and he was alone. . . .

A light forced its way under his lids and he turned away from it. There were cold bodies around him and when he moved they squirmed. It was still a dream, and it was wrong somehow that there should be a man in it, holding the lamp, and, in the dimness, others staring at him.

They wore ragged sarongs and they looked for all the world like Sinhalese fishermen, and for some reason their eyes were wide and frightened. Their hands were dragging at a net and it came through to Mike suddenly that he was in the net—caught!

He learned later that he had wound up a mile off Galle, South Ceylon. He never knew how. Most probably a current had been working with him all the way. But somehow he had made it. The fishermen admitted afterwards that they had thought he was some strange kind of monster and had nearly let him have it with their gaffs.

IT certainly gave rise to some queer tales which he didn't altogether like. The *Ceylon Courier* gave him a full-page spread. "Fishman," the article called him again and again, and when he got out of hospital and went down into Colombo people looked at him strangely and weren't quite sure what to do with their eyes when they talked to him.

He never spoke about it much himself because it made him uneasy to think that out of all those natives he had been the only one to survive, and because of something else. . . . The feeling he had had in the net—caught.

He knew it was a net and that they were men around him—and he was afraid. The lamp seemed to draw his eyes till the flame filled his mind with such over-delight that it became a pain, and in the darkness all around there was terror. It was the air. He gasped for it but none would come. There was a tightness. He struggled and the other fish around him struggled and he twisted and kicked, knowing only that he must get back to the sea, that he must slither back somehow into the dark throat of the water and dart away through the softness and the silence to where he belonged. It was a sensation of the purest fear, uninhibited by logic or pride or anything human, undiluted and night-marish—such as only a creature might feel when it falls a victim to man.

Then one of the natives bent over him and tore off his mask and there was air in a cool rush and he blacked out.

THE END

SIR HUMPHREY'S INDISCRETION

Continued from page 15

twenty million francs, Daddles?" asked Julia, going off on another track. "Admiral Cumberbatch says you broke the bank."

"Then he's a gossiping old fishwife," said the general angrily, "and I'll tell him so in the morning. I didn't win twenty millions and I didn't break the bank. However," he added smugly, "my system, despite your witticisms, justified my fondest hopes."

"I suppose you gambled with the two hundred francs I gave you for a haircut."

"You suppose incorrectly, my dear. I pawned my gold cigarette case, my dear, and since this is my most treasured possession, let the fact be the measure of the faith in my system."

"Poppycock! And this princess, whoever she may be, did you meet her before, or after, you won this fortune?"

"Afterwards, my dear."

"How much money did she get off you?"

"Only one hundred and ten thousand francs—a mere trifle."

For once Julia Ridway was at a loss for words. A whole minute passed before she said: "I think, Daddles, I am entitled to some explanation."

"You'd have had it a long time ago, my dear, if I had been able to get a word in edgeways—and if you will kindly refrain from interrupting, I shall be happy to give it to you now." The general then explained the situation.

"It didn't occur to you to telephone me, I suppose?" his wife asked when he had finished.

"No, my dear. It was an entirely spontaneous action on my part. After all, when she nursed me in the hayloft, she didn't telephone anyone for permission—a dashed courageous——"

"How old is this—er—Zaza?"

"She looks about thirty-five, my dear, but she says she's over fifty. But she must be more than thirty-five, because all that business in the hayloft occurred thirty-nine years ago."

"All what business in the hayloft?"

The general pulled himself together. "Surgical dressings, and so forth, had to be changed every four hours—most important—otherwise some infection might have set in."

"And after your dinner you drove her home?"

"Yes. She lives in some ghastly place in the old town. Landlady waiting outside the door for the overdue rent. Shocking place! So, naturally, I paid the rent. It was the least I could do after all she did for me. And I've arranged to see her tomorrow. Must get her out of that dreadful hovel."

"We will go to see her together, Daddles," said Julia mildly. "I, too, am entitled to express my gratitude. We have been married for fifty-five years, and, God help me, I still love you. I am indebted to her as much as you are, and I am a woman who likes to pay her debts. And now you look very tired and it is time you went to bed."

JULIA RIDWAY would never cease to surprise her husband. He had committed so many crimes that evening that by all precedent he should now be stunned and reeling under her invective. But—and he contemplated the fact with wonderment—she had been little more than mildly acidulous. Was this, he asked himself as he crossed the lounge wearily, the mask of trickery?

"Julia," he said, pausing at the foot of the staircase, "I'm too tired to talk any more tonight, but I want you to know that at any cost—any cost, mark you—I intend to give Zaza a chance to make a new life."

"Of course, Daddles," said Julia with a cryptic smile. "After all those peculiar goings-on in the hayloft, it would seem that you have no choice in the matter."

The following afternoon they redeemed the general's gold cigarette case in exchange for 17,000 francs and a trifling sum in interest. Whereupon Julia Ridway led her husband in the direction of the most expensive tea-shop in Cannes, an establishment hitherto beyond their slender means. They did not hurry over tea, for they had nothing to do until the appointment with Zaza at six o'clock.

A church clock was striking as the general and his wife mounted the worn stairs to the room occupied by Zaza. Julia's pursed lips as she took in the squalid details were more eloquent than words.

"Come in, Daddles!" called Zaza, in answer to the tap from the handle of Julia's umbrella. She seemed a little dazed while the general, with utmost formality, introduced them.

"Ah, Princess," said Julia, with a gesture, "now, after nearly forty years, I can thank you for your kindness and devotion to my husband. He has never ceased to speak glowingly of your courage."

She paused. The general looked sharply at his wife.

"And," continued Julia, "you must have been so young at the time."

ZAZA spoke uncomfortably. "You are too kind, Madame. It was nothing. Any Frenchwoman would have done the same for a wounded ally."

"But not every Frenchwoman would have had the skill and the knowledge to save him, Princess. When he returned to England and told his story to the doctors, they would not believe him. The leg, they insisted, must have been amputated by a skilled surgeon."

"But, Julia——" protested the general.

"Be quiet, Daddles," she said firmly. "I have waited so many years to thank the princess in person that I will not be interrupted. I suppose," she went on, "you had been studying to become a doctor. Otherwise, of course, you could not have performed the operation—and all without an anaesthetic. I hope that Daddles was brave about it."

"Ah, Madame, he was wonderful. He did not cry once."

"Not even when you sawed through the bone?"

"No, Madame, not even then. He is the bravest man I ever met."

The general, during this exchange, walked uncomfortably around the room, and the sleeve of his overcoat caught the key of the rickety wardrobe, which fell open. He closed it hastily, but Julia's eyes, quicker than his, glimpsed the contents.

"And now, Princess," said this formidable woman sternly, "we will detain you no longer than it takes for you to return to my husband the one hundred and ten thousand francs he was so stupid as to give you last night—unless, of course, you would prefer to discuss the matter with the police."

"The money was paid to the woman who owns this horrible place," said Zaza indignantly.

"The mink coat hanging in the wardrobe is worth at least two million francs, Princess."

"Alas! That is not mine," said Zaza sadly.

"Daddles," said Julia coldly, "which leg was it the princess amputated?"

"You know perfectly well, my dear, that neither of them was amputated," the general replied indignantly.

"I am waiting, Princess!" said Julia with outstretched hand.

From the top of her stocking, Zaza took a large roll of notes and, with hot tears of rage running down her cheeks, she counted out the required amount.

"I can't think how you guessed, my dear," said the general humbly when they were out in the street.

"Thirty-nine years ago, Daddles, that hussy was probably still in her cradle. And now, you amorous old idiot, you had better give me the rest of your winnings for safe-keeping."

With her husband lagging behind her, Julia set a brisk pace in the direction of the bus terminus. "I hope," she added with a grin, "that your wooden leg isn't hurting you—you great ninny!"

THE END

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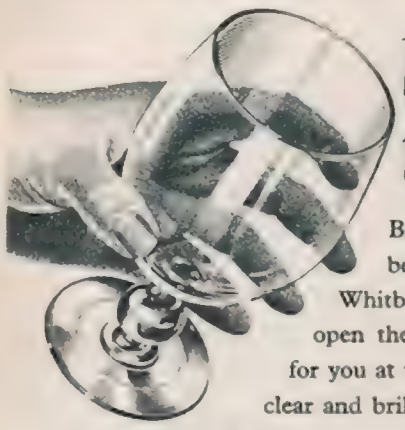

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BRASSHATS QUARRELLED AS WE BATTLED THROUGH NORMANDY

Continued from page 20

Command. Fortunately, those on the Allied side had no such serious consequences on the issue or to individuals, although they left sore feelings that were of ill-effect later.

The biggest "blow-up" behind the scenes occurred over a near break-out by the British a fortnight before the Americans actually burst open the front at Avranches. This British blow, by the Second Army under Dempsey, was struck on the extreme opposite flank, east of Caen.

It was the most massive tank attack of the whole campaign, delivered by three armoured divisions closely concentrated. They had been stealthily assembled in the small bridgehead over the Orne, and poured out from it on the morning of July 18, after an immense carpet of bombs had been dropped. The Germans on that sector were stunned, and most of the prisoners taken were so deafened by the roar of the explosions that they could not be interrogated until at least twenty-four hours later.

Enemy Heard Tanks

But the defences were deeper than the British Intelligence had thought. Rommel, expecting such a blow, had hurried their deepening and reinforcement—until, on the eve of the attack, he was caught and knocked out by British aircraft, near the aptly named village of Sainte Foy de Montgommery.

Moreover the enemy had heard the massive rumble of tanks as the British armour moved eastward by night for the attack. Dietrich, the German Corps commander here, said that he was able to hear them more than four miles away, despite diverting noises, by pressing his ear to the ground—a trick he had learned in Russia.

The brilliant opening prospect faded soon after the troops passed through the forward layers of the defence. The leading armoured division became entangled amid the village strongholds behind—instead of by-passing them. The others were delayed by traffic congestion in getting out of the narrow bridgehead, and the spearhead had come to a halt before they came on the scene. By the afternoon the great opportunity had slipped away.

This miscarriage has long been enshrouded in mystery. Eisenhower, in his report, spoke of it as an intended "break-through," and as a "drive . . . exploiting in the direction of the Seine basin and Paris." But all the British histories written after the war declare that it had no such far-reaching aims, and that no break-through on this flank was ever contemplated.

Tedder Was Angry

They follow Montgomery's own account, which insisted that this operation was merely a "battle of position."

Eisenhower, in his postwar memoirs, tactfully glides over the matter by avoiding any mention of this battle. Churchill, too, makes only the barest reference to it.

Yet anyone behind the scenes at the time was acutely aware of the violent storm that blew up. The air chiefs were very angry, especially Tedder, who was Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied forces. The state of temper is frankly revealed by Captain Butcher, Eisenhower's naval aide.

"Around evening, Tedder called Ike and said Monty had, in effect, stopped his armour from going farther. Ike was mad." According to Butcher, Tedder next day telephoned Eisenhower from London and conveyed that the British Chiefs of Staffs were ready to sack Montgomery if requested.

It was thus natural that on Montgomery's side the immediate reaction to such complaints of his "failure" should have been to assert that the idea of a break-out on this flank had never been in mind. That assertion soon became an article of belief on his side, and has come to be accepted without question by military chroniclers.

Yet it did not tally with the term "broke through" that Montgomery used in his first announcement of "Operation Goodwood." Moreover his remark that he was "well satisfied with progress made" on the first day seemed hard to reconcile with the absence of a renewed effort of similar scale on the second day. That infuriated the air chiefs, who would not have agreed to divert the heavy bomber armada to aid a ground operation if Montgomery had not led them to assume that he was aiming at a mass break-out.

Montgomery's later assertion was a half-truth, and did him an injustice. He had not planned to break out on this flank, and was not banking on it. But he would have been foolish not to reckon with the possibility of a German collapse, and exploit it if it occurred.

Dempsey, who commanded the Second Army, thought a speedy collapse was likely, and had moved up himself to the armoured Corps H.Q. to be ready to exploit it, as he told me.

"What I had in mind was to seize all the crossings of the Orne from Caen to Argentan." That would establish a barricade across the Germans' rear, and trap them more effectively than any American break-out on the western flank could do. Dempsey's hope of a complete break-through was very close to fulfilment at midday on July 18.

We now come to another striking revelation. When the break-out came at Avranches, on July 31, only a few scattered German battalions lay in the ninety-mile wide corridor between that point and the Loire. So American spearheads could have driven eastward unopposed.

A Violent Protest

But the Allied High Command threw away the best chance of exploiting this great opportunity by sticking to the outdated pre-invasion programme, in which a westward move to capture the Brittany ports was to be the next step.

The breakout at Avranches was made by the U.S. 4th Armoured Division under Major-General John S. Wood. Telling me later what happened after the break-out, Wood said:

"I was still under the First Army, and it could not react fast enough. When it did react, its orders consisted of sending its two flank armoured divisions back, to engage in siege operations against Lorient and Brest. I protested long, loud and violently—and pushed my tank columns into Chateaubriant (without orders) and my armoured cavalry to the outskirts of Angers and along the Loire, ready to advance on Chartres.

"I could have been there, in the enemy vitals, in two days. But no! We were forced to adhere to the original plan—with the only armour available, and ready to cut the enemy to pieces. It was one of the colossally stupid decisions of the war."

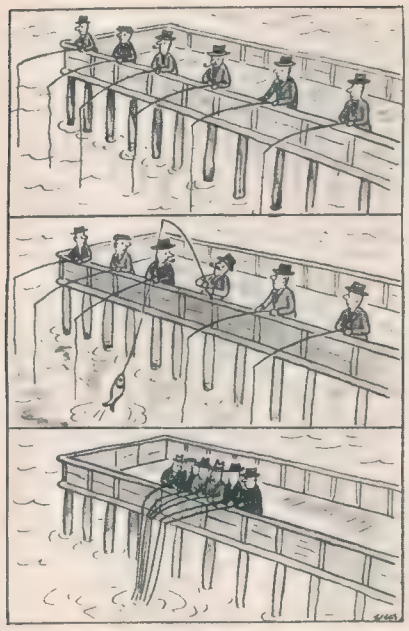
The diversion to capture the Brittany ports brought no benefit. For the Germans in Brest held out until September 19—forty-four days after Patton had prematurely announced its capture—while Lorient and St. Nazaire remained in the enemy's hands until the end of the war.

Patton Told To Stop

Two weeks passed before the American forces pushed eastwards far enough to reach Argentan and come up level with the British left wing—which meanwhile was still held in check just beyond Caen.

This caused fresh recriminations. For when Patton was told that he must not drive on northward to close the gap, and bar the Germans' escape route, for fear of a collision with the British, he exclaimed on the telephone: "Let me go on to Falaise and we'll drive the British back into the sea for another Dunkirk."

The German forces would have had ample time to pull back to the Seine, and form a strong defensive barrier-line there, except for Hitler's stubbornly stupid orders that there should be "no withdrawal." It was his folly that restored the Allies' lost opportunities and enabled them to liberate France that autumn. THE END



A THING TO LOVE

Continued from page 9

of a large, raftered living-room with big windows giving on to a great view over a gorge of cedar trees to the mountain. They entertained a good deal, feeling that company was good for their crippled son, Roger, who couldn't ride or even walk, except to drag his useless legs about the house.

They had guests now, Vi explained to the Foxleys—an acquaintance of Arthur's, and his schoolboy son who was receiving his first fishing lessons. But there was no time to gossip. The talk between the two families was all of Piet Hendriks's disaster, and Colonel Foxley had ominous news: the District Commissioner had received reports of two similar raids in the last twenty-four hours. They felt disturbed, shocked, altogether bewildered.

"It's a Trojan horse business, that's the devil of it," said the colonel. "Piet's own boys were mixed up in it."

The conversation turned to other matters, but Pat listened with scant attention: she couldn't get the tortured beasts out of her mind, and Piet's bitter look. This was only the beginning—the beginning of what? And the end of what hopes and visions? She felt heavy and depressed.

Soon the guests came in after a successful morning's fishing, followed by Roger, in his wheeled chair, and Desmond, the eldest Wren boy.

"Have you met Sam Gibson?" Vi inquired in a general way, and Pat was surprised to see the man she had talked to in the aeroplane. Surprised, and not very pleased. She hadn't exactly disliked him, but she'd been disconcerted by his self-assurance, which seemed to put everyone else in the shade.

Yet she couldn't conceal from herself the fact that everything took on a new interest when he entered the room. So long as he was in it, she couldn't ignore him.

The talk became political again, and after a while Pat found she couldn't concentrate. Sam was looking at her, and to escape, she went across to the seat in the bay window. Then she realized she'd only made matters worse: it looked like a blatant invitation.

Embarrassment made her blush like a schoolgirl and, to crown it all, Sam came over and sat beside her, sleek as a cat—answering the summons.

"I can't take any part in all this," she said, compelled to excuse herself. "I'm going back tomorrow."

"Back?"

"To my job, of course. I'm a school-marm."

He smiled at her, she imagined with contempt. "You made such a mystery of it in the aeroplane. Why didn't you want me to know?"

For some reason she felt compelled to be more truthful than was necessary. "It sounds such a dreary thing to be."

He laughed. "So does my trade, if

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Fluorescent whiteness

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Research scientists find method

Did you ever notice the brilliant whiteness of a friend's teeth under those purple fluorescent lamps such as are used in the theatre? Teeth then take on a brilliant whiteness not normally apparent in ordinary lighting conditions. The difference may be likened to the contrast between a pure diamond and mere cut glass—or between a real pearl and even a good imitation. This difference is noticeable, but it needs an expert actually to *define* it. The layman just calls it "that indefinable something which makes all the difference."

Scientists in America have recently perfected a substance which gives this "indefinable something" to teeth. Even yellowish teeth are brought up shades whiter; or, where teeth are normally quite white, they are given a gem-like autoluminescence. Friends don't quite know what it is, but they do notice that there is something added to mere whiteness.

The name given to this new discovery is "decyl-carminate," which is deep ruby-red in colour, although the colour washes right off the teeth immediately after application, leaving them brilliantly white and yet with that translucent "deep" look that real pearls impart.

Decyl-carminate is applied to the teeth through the use of a toothpaste, specially compounded for the purpose, which has the unusual name of "LESS"—Less Toothpaste. The reason is that you use much less of it than of ordinary white toothpaste. A blob no bigger than a large pea does the job thoroughly. And you use "Less" in just the same way as ordinary white toothpaste—except that you use it on a dry brush.

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it comes to that. Surely a farmer——"

"You aren't a real farmer, are you? I mean, you don't depend on it for a living."

"Can't I be real if I have a private income? My father left me about thirty thousand pounds, but most of it has evaporated. I haven't got more than two hundred a year apart from my farm, and I can't live on that."

She looked at him with a flash of anger that animated her whole face and made it appear, to him, altogether captivating, like the fury of a small animal that can do no harm.

"Why do you try to put me in the wrong? You know I hadn't meant to sound inquisitive! Your private affairs are nothing to do with me."

Quite without premeditation, he said sincerely: "I only wish they were."

She didn't reply, and he added: "Not that I'd like to burden anyone else with them. They're in the usual mess. I expect that's why you've taken against me so much."

"I haven't taken against you! Why should I? It's just that we belong to two different worlds."

"Not worlds—only different storeys of the same house. I'm still young enough to climb upstairs."

"Why do you want to make fun of me?"

"You're resolved on open warfare, aren't you? But I warn you, I've a hide like a rhino; you won't drive me off so easily."

PAT thought his look predatory; and, indeed, when her face had flushed with anger, the desire had come to him to end all the talk and take her in his arms. Beneath her ingenuous candour and inexperience, her lack of finesse, lay a singleness of purpose that half alarmed and half intrigued him.

They were interrupted by Roger Wren in his wheeled chair.

"I hope I'm not butting into a prayer meeting, Patty," he said, halting his chair beside her.

Roger's sarcastic manner always set her teeth on edge and his tongue could be venomous.

"It might be a good thing if we held one," Sam remarked, getting to his feet. "A little guidance, divine or otherwise, seems badly needed."

"I think we've been very lucky—so far. I don't know why they went for the cattle instead of the humans."

"So you think it'll be our turn next?"

Roger shrugged his shoulders. "What do you think of black brother now, Patty? I'll tell you one thing—you'll find your smart young mission-educated chaps at the bottom of this. The old men in skins and snuff-horns would never chop up cows. Steal them, yes, but not hack them to pieces."

"I'm no great supporter of mission education," Sam said, "but I don't suppose they have classes in torturing animals."

"Oh, it's just a way of getting at us. A pretty clever one, too. But Patty hasn't answered my question." He leaned across and squeezed her knee. "Don't worry, I can see you're all of a daze. For heaven's sake, don't take Sam seriously, my dear. His path's littered with broken hearts, like the trail of empty beer bottles that's said to line the bus route across the Sahara."

Sam looked down from his considerable height on the man in the wheeled chair, and it was clear enough that, if he hadn't been dealing with a cripple, he'd have lunged out with his fists.

"Did you see Piet's cattle, Patty?" Roger asked. And before she could answer he began describing the terrible injuries.

"For God's sake!" Sam said, and took Pat's arm as they walked off together to rejoin the company. Roger ran the wheeled chair up to his desk, carefully selected a quill from a box of feathers and resumed his regular task of making fishing flies.

His mother came to put her hand on his shoulder and leaned over him.

"You haven't quarrelled with Sam Gibson?"

"Why on earth should I?"

"Something you said nearly made him lose his temper."

"Sam Gibson gives me a pain in the neck."

"But everybody likes Sam!"

"I've no doubt. Patty likes him now, the silly little idiot. I'd like to—well, never mind."

"Darling!" Vi protested, and left him alone; it was best to do so when he was in one of his moods.

He put the flies down and stared out of the window. He saw and heard all sorts of things out of his window: sun birds, with their curved beaks, hovering over flowers, the call of guinea-fowl and francolin, men and women passing to and fro along a red path that ran just beyond the garden. No one knew that he was watching them. And now he'd seen Sam Gibson's face as he sat there, an intruder in someone else's private window, staring at Patty. He understood well enough that expression, and Patty, for all her primness, hadn't turned away.

Roger turned back to the flies, his mouth and throat dry. All you needed was a strong, free body like Sam Gibson's, pure beef and muscle, and plenty of nerve, and even girls like Patty would be interested in you. But if you were tied to a wheeled chair. . . .

Well, he thought, they've got some trouble coming now, all the lot of them; this cattle-slashing won't be the end. The underdog was biting back at last, and his fangs were poisoned with filth. The envenomed spite behind it made some deep appeal to his nature.

He selected a thin, sharp-pointed hook and swiftly bound to it the screen of feathers that would take some trout's eye with their brilliance and encompass its doom.

ON the outskirts of Tetu, Sam observed a well-dressed African walking down the road. The man looked round as the car drew abreast. To his surprise, Sam recognized his fellow-passenger on the aeroplane, the prickly-minded teacher. He stopped the car.

"Gitau? Can I give you a lift?"

Gitau was startled. Once he had been almost more at home with Europeans than with his own compatriots, but now they made him feel uncomfortable and he avoided them when he could.

"No, thank you," he said, in his excellent English. "I'm going to Nairobi, as a matter of fact."

"As a matter of fact, so am I."

Gitau changed his mind. This padded, well-sprung car was better than a hundred miles in a crowded, bumpy lorry which stopped interminably at every market, and arrived full of bananas, bottles of milk and live fowls.

"It's the end of the holidays," Sam

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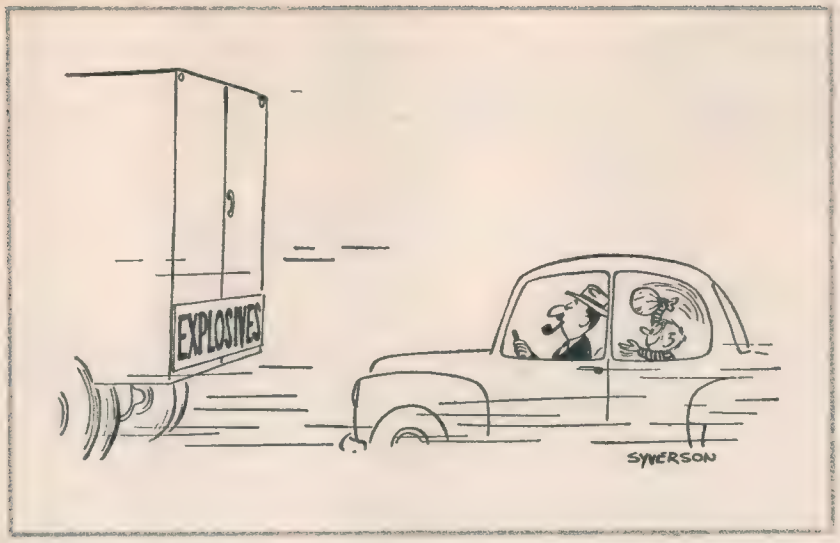

said, feeling he must make at least a stab at conversation. "You're a teacher, aren't you? I suppose you're going back to school?"

"To the college," Gitau corrected. "Yes, that is so."

"Are you a teacher because you like the work better than any other, or because it's a pensionable job with decent pay?" Sam asked, genuinely interested.

GITAU no longer felt the necessity to tell Europeans only what he thought they wanted to hear. "We have not many jobs to choose from, Mr. Gibson," he said. "You can become a teacher after two years' training. To become a doctor takes six or seven years."

"Worth it, though, I should think, for all the money they get in private practice, injecting chaps with distilled water for twenty bob a time. I trained to be a doctor myself. I'd have done a lot better if I'd gone on with it too."

"Why didn't you?" Gitau looked at Sam with surprise, wondering whether to believe him, and why a European should talk to him in this confidential way.

"An uncle died and left me some money and I wanted to see the world, instead of other people's tonsils and sores." He went on talking easily, and after a while Gitau gave up trying to pay attention, and brooded over his plans.

In a skin pouch strapped to his waist he had between eight and nine thousand shillings in notes ready to hand over to Josiah, plus another thousand shillings in his shoes that he meant to keep; and, in his pocket, a notebook containing the names of those who'd paid their dues, and of the members of each local committee.

Plans for the next month or so had all been laid. The Spokesman might think he'd taken too much on himself—but then, the Spokesman was too cautious. It was all very well to sit in Nairobi and say: "Wait until the ripe fruit is ready to fall." Out in the districts, people had grown too impatient to listen. If things were delayed much longer, the movement would weaken and fail.

He knew what the Spokesman was waiting for, of course. Guns. But there were plenty of guns already, hidden all over the place. They'd been collected over several years—stolen, bought and smuggled. Christmas Day was all very well, but, in the meantime, people needed something to keep up their spirits. All this he'd have to explain to the Spokesman and to the Council of Nine.

Sam ran the car on to a strip of verge on top of one of the ridges and got out his lunch, which he offered to share with his passenger. Gitau at first refused. He did not want to take food from any European. But he'd started out on an empty stomach, and unbent so far as to accept a sardine sandwich.

As he ate, Sam looked round at the scene: a river curling below, green hillsides patterned with the shadows of clouds, the distant, swelling shoulders of the forest-crested Aberdares. A herd of fat goats, glossy as starlings, scuttled across the road, followed by a small, round-eyed boy with a stick. High above, a buzzard wheeled slowly in the blue, his needle-eye alert for the flick of a mouse's tail, the yellow fluff of a straying chick, a thousand feet below.

"Do you realize that you've got one of the most beautiful countries in the world?" Sam asked.

"Is beauty something you can give your children to eat?"

"It can be," Sam said. "For thousands of years your ancestors have sat and looked at this lovely country and never once done anything to better it—they have only cut down trees and moved on, draining away its fertility."

He put away the remains of the luncheon and offered Gitau a cigarette. "What do you think of this cattle-slashing business? D'you think it's going to spread?"

So now it had come! Gitau felt angry and alarmed. All this had been a trick to get him by himself in a lonely place at the European's mercy and then to question and bully him until he gave something away. He felt the currency notes eating into his loins, the black book heavy in his pocket.

"I don't know, Mr. Gibson," he said.

"Or you know but you won't say. Well, I'm not a policeman. But turning on each other won't get us anywhere. Africa's defeated everyone so far, and it'll go on doing so if you drive away the irritating but essential outsiders. I'm afraid that racialism's just a blind alley. But I may be wrong, and I don't expect you to agree."

"You have asked me a lot of questions," Gitau said. "Can I ask you one now, Mr. Gibson?"

Sam smiled and said: "Of course."

"You could have stayed in England with your money and been a doctor or bought a farm there. No one drove you out. Why did you come to Kenya?"

THIS was a question Sam had often asked himself and never really answered. "A lot of things added up," he said. "Climate, adventure, opportunity, the idea of freedom—that's an illusion, partly, but the open, endless country fosters it. One's money goes farther, too. The idea of building things up—a herd, a house, anything. A sort of God complex, I suppose—creating something, changing the face of the land. But all that doesn't really explain it. I suppose I just fell in love with the country. Do you understand that?"

"But it was our country," Gitau said.

"When you fall in love you want to give something of yourself, not to take everything away."

After a pause, Gitau said: "Thank you for talking to me like that, Mr. Gibson. I must confess I don't agree with all you say. But not many Europeans will talk like that to an African. They will do it in England, of course, but not in Kenya."

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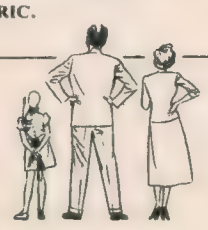
better  living

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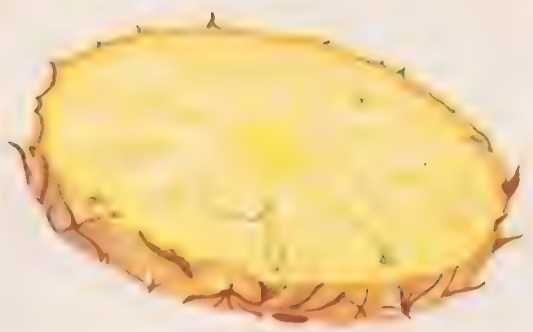

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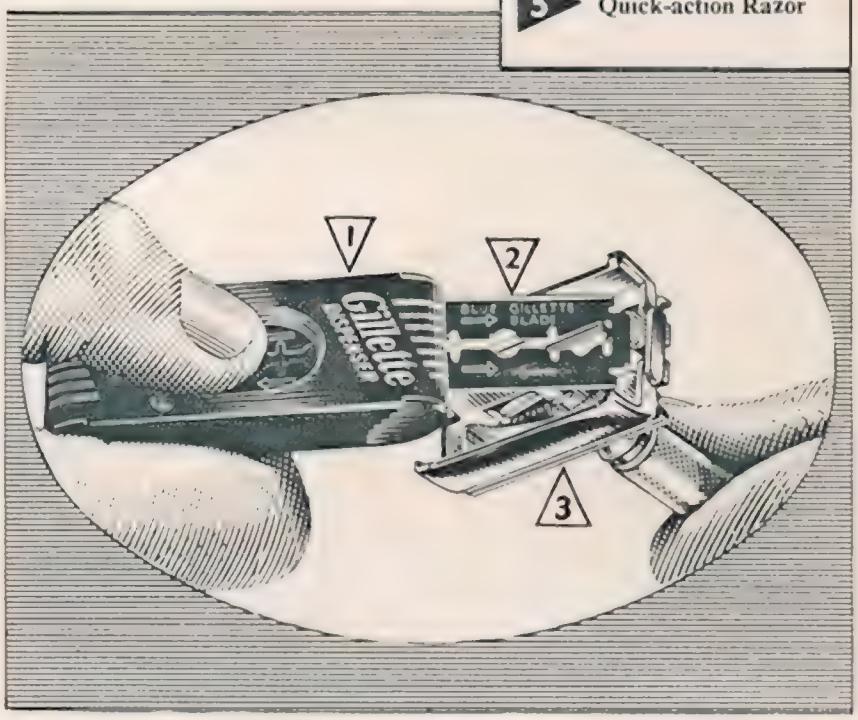

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in the dark for both of us," Sam said; and he thought: is that really at the bottom of the whole trouble? Or, even if we spoke like brothers, would he still hate my guts? What did Pat think about it all? he wondered—Pat, who spent her life starting little woolly-haired, black boys on the road that led to Gitau, and to George Rutinu, the politician, and perhaps to the slashed cattle on Piet Hendriks's farm.

He put the car into gear and continued down the road.

THE jacarandas were out in Nairobi, scattering a bluebell-coloured dust around their feet, and bougainvillaeas blazed in the gardens. It was hot, but not too hot; the city was crowded, and the air rang with the song of drills and hammering as new buildings rose into the sky. All day long the streets were crowded with cars as shiny as new shillings and, on the sidewalks, people hurried to and fro.

A peaceful scene, yet many in the city felt a current of unease. A storm was going to break: when, how, exactly why, no one could tell. Some Europeans were changing the locks on their doors and some were getting permits to carry arms. Meanwhile, the city was prosperous, men and money were flowing in, new cars were plentiful as pineapples and shops full of customers.

Parts of the town, however, did not change. Most of the Asian section remained as it had always been: narrow streets of flat-roofed buildings jammed together, their windowless fronts opening on to the streets, packed with small shops' merchandise, their backs a crowded jungle of small rooms, with little to boast of in the way of sanitation or comfort.

It was in one such building that the Council of Nine usually met. A narrow door between two shops gave on to a flight of stairs leading to a group of two or three small, barely furnished wooden offices, the biggest of which was occupied by Josiah, whose public position was that of secretary to a political association.

Sometimes the Spokesman came and sometimes he didn't. This evening he had stayed at home. By now, a good deal of information about the conspiracy had leaked out to those in power, including the names of some of the Council of Nine. But the conspiracy had listening posts in almost every vital centre—at the post office switchboards, at police headquarters, in the secretariat, in the main departments, even in Government House.

"I do not think the police will come this evening," Gitau remarked, leaning back in his chair.

"If they do, we shall know about it in good time," Josiah answered. He did not seem quite so fat. The hard work of the last few months had perhaps thinned him. He had to manage a fund which now ran into several million shillings, nearly all in cash, and to travel a great deal to different parts of the country.

"Well, I have good news," said Gitau. "The guns from Mombasa have arrived."

"Are there many?"

"They are in two large cases labelled 'Dried Figs,' but they have not been opened. They are very heavy. It was hard to get them on to the top of Banduki's taxi. There was an askari looking on, but he was too stupid to see that it should not cost four men a great deal of effort to lift a case of dried figs."

"They are figs that will give a great many people indigestion," Josiah observed with relish. He went to a cupboard and got out a bottle.

They were drinking when George Rutinu entered the room. He looked flustered, and it was clear that he had already had a good deal of brandy.

"I think that something will happen tonight," George said. "I cannot stop and explain, but I have had some news. You had better leave here quickly, before the police come."

"The police won't come tonight."

"Don't be a fool, Josiah! I tell you they will. They are going everywhere, and not only the police, also the soldiers."

Gitau intervened. "We had better do what George says," he said sharply. His words commanded respect, for he had a knack of keeping at least one jump ahead of the enemy. "I will make sure if the street is safe," he said, and pulled aside a curtain to look below.

What he saw made him lean back as if he'd been hissed at by a cobra. He caught only a glimpse of the narrow street, almost empty of traffic and poorly illuminated by a few lights hanging overhead; but he saw quite enough. Everything seemed to swarm with askaris. A police car was halted near the doorway and, in a few moments, there would certainly be heavy steps on the stairs.

SEIZING Josiah's arm, Gitau pulled him through the door, and the two men scurried across a bare wooden landing and down a flight of steps which led into the back courtyard occupied by the Indian proprietor.

"They will have askaris at the back also," Josiah panted as they ran.

"The Indian must hide us," Gitau said, but he knew the situation to be ominous. Probably they'd search the Indian's quarters, too, and, although he'd always been friendly, he couldn't be expected to invite serious trouble. Those fears were well-founded. The door leading to the Indian's quarters was locked. As Gitau pushed against it, not daring to knock, he heard words of command and saw the lights go up in the room they'd just quitted. The back entrance would certainly be guarded and they appeared to be trapped.

In such a crisis, all Gitau's senses hardened and grew sharp as needle points. "Follow me," he said, and made for an old shed standing between the Indian's quarters and the back entrance to the compound from the street. This shed, Gitau knew, housed the Indian's servant, a Kikuyu. Gitau had never paid much attention to him, but remembered he was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, rather slow-witted, who'd no doubt taken the oath by now.

The shed wasn't locked. Gitau pulled the door to behind them and called out softly: "We are running away from the police. You must help us in the name of Mumbi. Switch on your torch."

A light went on in the corner and a frightened voice said: "What is it you want?"

"Listen," Gitau said, "the police will be here in a few moments. Give me your clothes. Don't be frightened—you shall have a splendid suit in exchange. I am going to wear your clothes and you must wear mine."

"But mine are torn and old, the shirt hasn't even got patches," protested the boy.

"That is what I want. Have you anything else?"

"Only another coat for Sundays."

"Very well. You shall have that, Josiah. Take off your trousers and rub them on the floor. We must look like poor men who chop wood for Indians. Hurry up there, hurry!"

The boy quickly shed his two tattered garments, and Gitau threw over his smart drill suit. "Remember, when the police come, say nothing," he ordered, pulling on the rags with distaste.

"I know who you are," said the boy, now fully awake and recovering from his astonishment. "The Spokesman's friends, Josiah and Gitau."

"You must not tell the police," said Josiah.

"But they will see the suit!"

"Don't be so stupid," Gitau exclaimed. "You must find an excuse—perhaps the Indian gave it to you for your wages."

"The Indian would tell them I was lying."

GITAU was growing more and more impatient. A plan had come into his head, fully fledged, and there was absolutely no time to lose. When he had looked out of the window and seen the askaris, he'd also noticed a municipal lorry on its rounds to empty dustbins and collect garbage. If both fugitives were to look like unimportant labourers, there was just a chance they could evade detention long enough to reach the street and, perhaps, the shelter of the garbage lorry.

It was at this point that fate came to their rescue in an unexpected way.

"Wait, wait," the boy called suddenly. "There is something in the pocket, give it to me!"

Gitau slipped his hands into both trouser pockets. In one, he felt a key.

"Which lock is the wife of this key? he demanded.

"The door to the Indian's shop."

"Does he know it is here?"

"No, it is a key I have had made for a friend. Give it back to me!"

"Don't be a fool!" said Gitau. He thought quickly. Now that this stupid boy had got it into his head to recover his key, he wouldn't lie to the police; more likely he would tell them all he knew. In any case, he was an idiot.

Now the boy came forward and gripped Gitau's arm with his fingers. Gitau did not think any more. He knocked away the torch, gripped the boy's arms with one hand and fastened the other round his throat.

The boy clawed, but only for a few moments; then Gitau used both hands and in a very short while the job was done. He had never strangled anyone before and was surprised to find it was so easy, so pleasurable.

He threw the body down in a corner, panting with the effort and excitement, said to Josiah: "Come quickly," and led the way out of the shed.

Lights shone now from the windows of every room, the Indian's door was open, askaris seemed to be on all sides. Yet Josiah and Gitau managed to slink across the dark courtyard to the shop's back door. The key fitted, they walked into a black cavern whose air was heavy with the scent of spices, pulses, ghee and the sticky black sugar known

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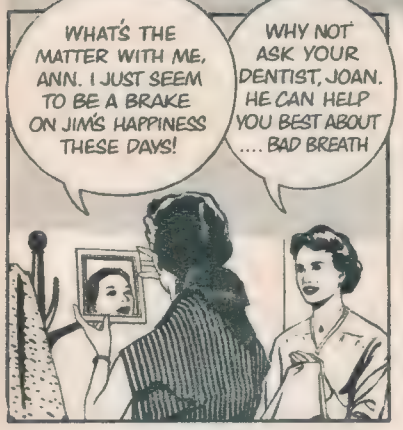
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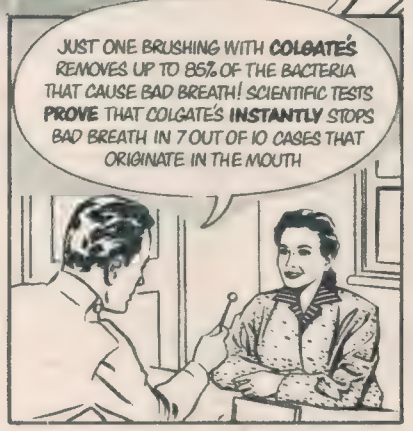
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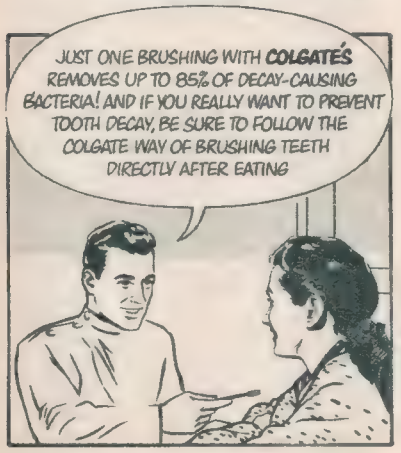
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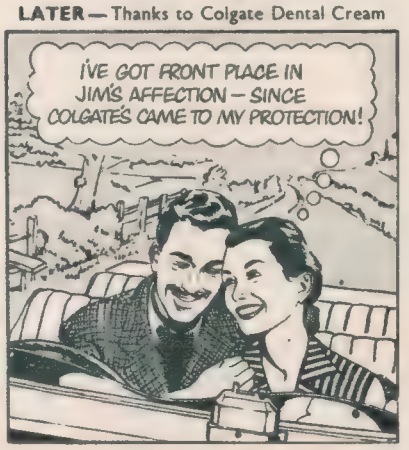

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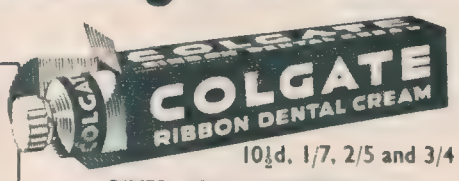

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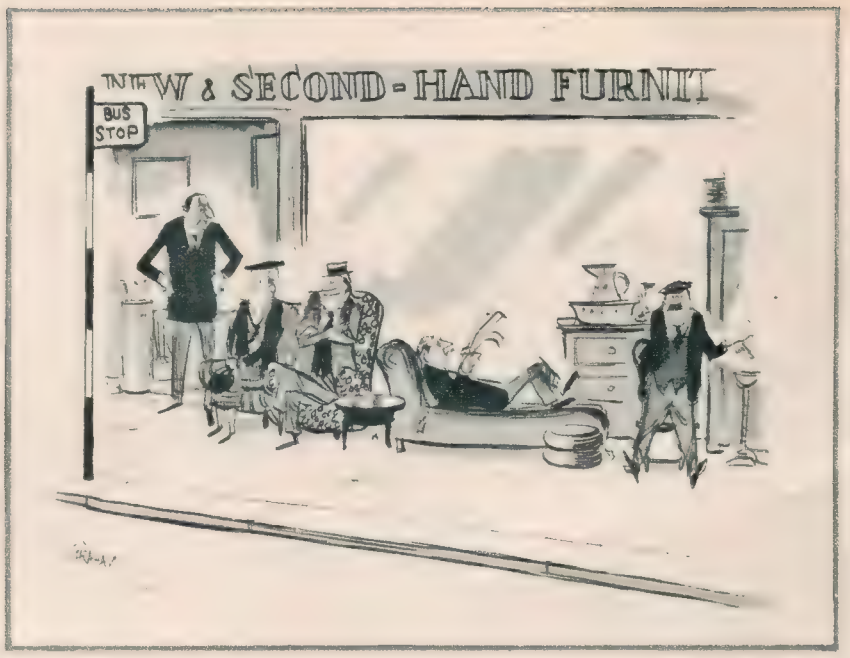

as jagoree. But they had been seen. A torch flashed, heavy footsteps stumped on the boards, heavy hands seized Gitau by the arms, a thick voice said in Swahili: "Who are you?"

"I am the shop-boy of the Indian," said Gitau. "Can't you see that I have the key? All this noise woke me and I came to see if everything was safe. You are hurting my arms. I am not going to run away."

"You are under arrest," said the askari. "Go out in front of me, and if you run I shall shoot you."

"I will go," Gitau answered calmly, "but first let me see if the Indian's money is safe."

"Get on, you hyena! Indians sleep with their money and beget shillings, that is why they are rich."

"This Indian keeps it hidden in a barrel of rice, bone-head. Wouldn't you like to see a thousand shillings before you die?"

"Don't try to play tricks on me," said the askari, but nevertheless he let go of Gitau's arms and pushed him towards the door half-heartedly. Josiah saw the opportunity.

"If you will flash your torch on that barrel over there," he said, "I will show you something, and if I'm not telling the truth you can shoot me dead with that gun of yours. You can see that we are poor men with no weapons. How could we try to deceive an askari?"

"A Kikuyu could deceive a she-goat into thinking she was a billy," the askari retorted, but he did as he was asked with the torch.

JOSIAH went over to the barrel and, summoning all his courage, bent inside it, expecting at any minute to be shot in the back. He extracted a handful of notes from the inside of his shirt and turned round, holding them out in the beam of the askari's torch and making them rustle in his hand. At his side, Gitau stood tense and anxious.

The light wavered, and he knew that they were saved.

"You see, I was not lying," said Josiah, "and to show you that I'm not offended at your rudeness, I will give them to you. But one good turn deserves another, and you must let us go."

The askari no longer hesitated. He took the notes.

"Now you must shine your torch on to the front door so that we can see to undo it," Gitau said.

The same key fitted. Very cautiously, they pushed the door open a few inches.

Their luck still held. The garbage lorry had stopped a few yards down the street and two men in the uniform of cleaners were carrying away from it an empty bin. They put it down with a clang and Gitau and Josiah darted from their doorway over to the lorry, whose body hid them from the askari on guard in the street. It was all done in a flash. As the lorry moved on, both men jumped into the cab.

The driver started and exclaimed, but took in the situation immediately, and drove slowly on. Gitau and Josiah helped to empty the rest of the bins. Josiah found it made him hot and short of breath, but Gitau quite enjoyed it.

He was savouring in memory the slow-wittedness of the askari, the feeling he experienced when the boy's body shook all over and then collapsed, like a chicken ceasing to flutter its wings. He looked at his hands. They were strong and cunning; they could bring death to a man. That was something he'd never realized before.

CHIEF KIMANI, the father of Josiah and Matthew, was a chief and therefore rich. Both boys had been given a good education, and both had done well enough to pass into college, Josiah in England, Matthew in Uganda.

After that, both had entered government service: but whereas Matthew had persisted and become a district officer, Josiah had soon found life too slow and profitless. He'd gone into trade and politics, which mixed well. Several trading ventures had turned out nicely and now he owned three lorries, a contractor's business, a chain of bakeries, an interest in a newspaper, and various other concerns.

Matthew, however, was quite content with his job as district officer. The pay was mediocre and he had decided not to take bribes, but the prestige of the office was considerable and the government paid for a car. And he knew that, unless men like himself learned from Europeans how to govern the country, all the talk by people like Josiah about progress and freedom would not be merely empty, but dangerous.

In the last few months, however, it had become only too plain that to work for the government now earned more distrust and even obloquy than prestige. People looked at him sullenly, even with hatred in their faces. He was a white man's jackal in their eyes. One morning he'd found all his vegetables pulled up and trampled. A few nights ago, hearing a noise, he'd gone out and found a cat with its head chopped off lying on his veranda.

The district commissioner had warned him that his life was in danger, and asked if he would like to be transferred. He'd been tempted, not so much because of the danger as because the mist of hatred round him made him lonely and unhappy, and there were times when his heart told him that he had deserted his own friends.

But he didn't dare to accept the D.C.'s offer because of his father. Kimani was a son of the warriors' captain who had fought great battles with the Masai and, if he heard that Matthew had gone away, he would demand: "Who is the warrior who leaves his birthplace when the enemy attacks? He is a sparrow, not a man. I hope no son of mine will give me

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

cause to call him such names!" So Matthew had stayed.

Now the emergency had come, a lot of people had been arrested and the whole country turned upside down. Matthew feared that, far from ending the trouble, the emergency would intensify it. The leaders of the conspiracy would leave Nairobi and bring their evil and their wild, intoxicating notions with them like an infection, to be spread far and wide.

He was disturbed in spirit, too, because his brother Josiah was a member. Although Josiah had done some foolish things, Matthew respected him. He'd been to England, he understood much, he was a shrewd businessman: why, then, had he become a leader of the conspiracy? Surely because he thought its aims were not only right, but feasible.

In his mind, Matthew knew that the Spokesman and his doctrines came from the Devil; in his heart, he wondered. As best he could, he put the matter to his father, who said: "These are bad men, and if Josiah is among them, as everyone says, he shall not eat food in my household."

"When you were young, did you not fight the Masai to keep our cattle safe, and weren't the Kikuyu then the masters of all their own land?"

"They were," Kimani said. "Those were good days. But they have gone for ever. When I was young there was no white man between Nairobi and Tetu; now they are as many as pigeons. And suppose they could be driven out, can we do without them? Have we the men to make roads and bridges and railways, or medicines and hospitals? Have we the money to pay for these things? I say not, and that Josiah and his friends are like a smith's bellows—there is nothing in them but wind. Bellows are bad counsellors."

"Yet my brother listens to them," Matthew said.

"Those are bad men because they mock the customs of our fathers," Kimani added. "They have this oath, which they pretend can bind a man's soul. But what is it? Who first practised it? When I was a boy, if a man ate an oath, which was seldom, he did it publicly and after he had gained permission from the elders; and, if he failed to keep it, he did not survive. Now this oath is eaten in secret places in the darkness, and many things are done that have no part whatever in our customs. Therefore, I say that these oaths are trumped-up things and that the men who give them to others are blasphemers."

"No doubt it is the Devil who has entered their hearts," Matthew agreed.

"Then the Devil must be driven back to his hole."

And Kimani did a great deal of driving himself. Matthew knew that his father's life was in great danger. Kimani knew it too, and kept a bodyguard of young men armed with spears and swords.

The district commissioner would have liked to have given Matthew a day and night guard also, but there were not enough tribal policemen to go round. So Matthew was given a revolver and told to guard it as closely as his life; everyone was stealing firearms now. But when he went out with his revolver, his wife and baby were unprotected in the house.

"Perhaps it would be better if you went back to your father's for the time being," Matthew suggested to Martha, his wife.

"What would be the use of that? My father is an elder of the Church and has had letters calling him a flea on the white man's head and threatening to kill him. It is safer here."

"Perhaps it was Gitau, his nephew, who wrote those letters. It is said that Gitau was not arrested with the others."

"Gitau is too clever for them," Martha answered.

Matthew frowned. "It is all very well to speak like that of your cousin," he said sternly, "but Gitau is doing the work of the Devil."

"That may be, but he does it very well."

"I am surprised that you support such evil people, Martha. They will be scattered like chaff, as the Bible says."

"I do not wish to be called Martha any longer. I wish to be called by my true name, Wambui."

Matthew was deeply shocked. "But you are not ceasing to be a Christian!" he exclaimed.

"Cannot I be a Christian and keep my own name? I do not wish to have a European name. A Kikuyu name will suit me just as well."

"I suppose that is all right," Matthew said doubtfully. "But Martha is the name you were given when you were baptized."

"Then I must be baptized again in the name of Wambui."

"We must see about that."

Here was another cause for worry. It was evident that Martha had been listening to bad counsellors. Who could they be, and did they come to the house when he was out on duty? Why was Martha spending so much money lately? She told him that the baby needed this and that. Was it really because she was spending money to entertain her friends without his knowledge? Matthew felt so distressed that he refused his supper and went to bed.

He lay awake for a long time, his mind dark and overcast. He had a feeling that something very bad was happening round him, that something worse was due to happen.

To be continued next week

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OTHER AWARDS: £9: Mrs. D. Huntley, 102 Longley Road, Tooting, London, S.W.17: MUM, THE GENERAL—TITIVATING HEADQUARTERS—*Lance-Corporal* EXPECTED! £8: G. T. Relph, 55 Kenmore Crescent, Filton Park, Bristol: WINKING A WARNING — TO UNIVERSE, *This* "GLOBE"? £7: Mrs. E. J. Selleck, 1 Wotter Villas, Wotter, Plymouth: BRAVE WORDS — WON ME MY "HEROINE." £6: F. Knighton, 33 Wellfield Road, Preston, Lancs: WILL ALWAYS BE MEAT—FOR THE "WOLF," LAZY-BONES! £5: T. Hatton, 36 Parry Street, Seacombe, Wallasey, Cheshire: WILL ALWAYS BE RED—PROBLEM, WHERE *Bread* PROBLEM. £5: Mrs. M. M. Parks, "Netherleigh," Hutton Grove, Finchley, London, N.12: THE GERMAN RECOVERY—RATHER *Scaring* THE "SURGEONS"! £5: R. Shaw, 9 Augusta Road, Ramsgate: HARBOUR OF PEACE—BUT DANGEROUS "ANCHORAGE," DAYDREAM!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 100 Prizes of 5s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Patient Peace	Food Of The Gods
Landmark In History	At His Last Gasp
Richer Life	To Get Even
In The Sunset's Glow	Routed The Pessimists
Wayward Youth	Fertile Soil
Pride In The Job	In Dad's Garage
Catalogue Of Horrors	Done Without
The Roadmenders	All Lace And Lavender
Ordering Us About	Risking It
On Ice	Not Fit For A Dog

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

One Of Today's..... .....Object
Playing The..... A Dead.....
How.....Stands .....For Mr. Dillydally

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

LOBSTER, CHICKEN, PEACHES and CREAM

Grand "Summer Banquet" Bonus of ready-to-serve luxuries to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,951

Closing Postmark MON., AUGUST 30

Signed.....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Address.....

Value.....

No.....

SURPRISING 7-in-1 PRIZE COMING NEXT WEEK!

GET YOUR "BULLETIN"—FOUR PAGES OF "BULLETS" AID

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE — first copy dated September 11. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No .....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

764

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated September 18 and in JOHN BULL dated September 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 11, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,951 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,951, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

It's easy to catch a SUMMER COLD

Standing about after a strenuous game can so easily give you a cold—with sneezing and running eyes—or a feverish chill with muscular aches and pains. But you'll find that a Beecham's Powder, thanks to its unique formula, will soon have the worst symptoms under control. The fact that Beecham's Powders are in fine powder form makes them easy to assimilate and very speedy in action. Get a supply now. Keep them handy!

2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8—1/7d. Also in tablet form—1/7 per bottle.

For SUMMER CHILLS FEVERISHNESS RHEUMATIC PAINS HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

Take BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

Why *MOTHERS* feel TIRED

The cause may be IRON-VITAMIN deficiency —

Because so many extra demands are made on their blood supply, women—especially *mothers*—suffer more than men from lack of IRON. Unfortunately the Iron obtainable from the average diet may not be enough to make up for all the Iron lost periodically as well as during pregnancy and in many other ways. The result is that you feel tired, nervy, breathless, run down and generally out of condition.

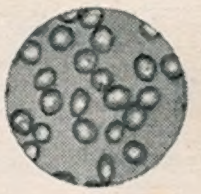

Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

IRON ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

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